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ILLUSION AND REALITY IN THE UNI-
TARIAN MINISTRY.

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THE Alpine traveler, Stephens, tells us that one morning, on starting for an important excursion, his party was followed by a queer little German landlord, crying out repeatedly, — "Gentlemen, beware of illusions." The meaning of his advice was comprehended when the party finally stood in the bottom of a narrow valley, in front of a mighty barrier of rock, with twenty miles of unknown summits and ridges hovering in the upper mist. Somewhat like this is the position of the Unitarian ministry to-day. Half a century ago, in Great Britain and the United States, a few score of churches broke rank, impatient with the slow movement of the progressive Evangelicism of that day. The number has gradually increased, till now on both sides the water there are perhaps near a thousand large and small organizations, assuming the functions of churches, that revolve around this name. As far as a boundless freedom is concerned, these societies have reached

the *ultima Thule* in ecclesiastical affairs ; for we are not aware that any Unitarian church, minister, layman, or Sunday-school scholar regards himself personally responsible for anything, in creed or polity, relating to what, by a remote figure of speech, may be called the Unitarian "body." In creed and polity he enjoys all the advantages of the most extreme form of Voluntarism ; and the taunt of our Free Religious friends that we are still bound, hand and foot, sounds a good deal like a vagrant echo pestering Robinson Crusoe on his island with a vigorous charge that he is enslaved by the conventionalities of polite society. Certainly, after our heroic struggles of the last half century for the repudiation of all theological and ecclesiastical bonds, we ought to be left to the enjoyment of such comfort as there is in the blessed consciousness of utter irresponsibility. We have broken out of the accepted order, allured by the gleam of sunlight on a far-off Alpine world. We stand confronted with it, and our interest now seems to centre on the hunt for reality amid a world of distracting illusions.

Every new religious body is, for a time, a body of "the elect," and believes itself, with a good deal of reason, especially favored by God, and precious to man. We have outlived our golden youth, and now have come down to the ordinary fate of all denominations ; compelled to take what is given us, and do the best we can with our opportunity. So no sensible man will now be heard claiming any special superiority in scholarship, eloquence, executive ability, or religious or philanthropical zeal for the Unitarian clergy to-day. We take our chance, in a period when all churches are working as never before, and the ministry of any of them is practically more effective than any body of clergy, in any church outside our own country. The old illusion of "the elect of God," which has animated every church in time, is dissipated for us.

And another faith of ours, that the Unitarian clergy is the chosen representative of religious freedom in the United States, is rapidly going the same way. If by religious freedom is meant the uttermost liberty of speculation on religion, without regard to consequences, or the liberty to throw out

religion from the circle of sciences as an exploded vagary, we are still far behind even the Free Religionists, and are left in the dim distance by the materialistic scientists, Spiritualists, and vast multitudes of people who religiously are "paddling their own canoe" amid the limitless archipelago of religious and skeptical enquiry. The fact is, in New England, New York, and the West, the great tides of popular sentiment and speculation are all running towards the extreme of liberty in all things. If we say we stand as the chief representative of Christian Liberalism, we at once provoke the most violent discussion among ourselves regarding the authority of Christainity in any form, and are challenged by the other Liberal Christian bodies and the advancing Evangelicism of the land, which are certainly fast obtaining all that can be called Christian liberty. Indeed, the war which overthrew the rebellion and slavery has secured religious liberty to every American citizen, and the Unitarian clergy can hardly be said to have a special mission outside the great body of Protestant divines to stand, par-excellence, as the champion of religious liberty.

Another illusion, perhaps more limited in its effect, is the idea that it is the special duty of a Unitarian minister to give his mind to the construction of a "science of religion." The idea is mooted in some quarters that all our Christian theology is a baseless fabric, and that the great service a "liberal" clergyman can render to the world is to assume that he stands before chaos, and begin to construct a science of religion from the foundations. We do not deny the right, perhaps even the desirableness, of attempting such a work; provided the man really is convinced that the Christian religion is a baseless assumption. But if we understand the vocation of a Unitarian minister, it is to preach the Christian religion in the broadest and best way he may comprehend. It is to be supposed that no honorable man will assume the pastorate of a Christian church, with all its delicate responsibilities as teacher and administrator of Christian institutions and ordinances, while he still holds his Christian faith as an unproven thing. An association for the impartial examination of al

religious opinions, and the construction of a science of religion, is perfectly legitimate. But a Christian church is a body of Christian believers, united to save men from their sins and bless the world by the application of the gospel of Jesus Christ: and it is no impeachment of liberty to hold the Christian minister, as long as he occupies that position, to the work he was called to do.

Of course we are bound by the same obligation as our predecessors in the Unitarian ministry to have a sensitive regard for the dignity of our profession, to stand firmly for Christian liberty, to defend the pure gospel of Christ against all admixtures of superstition. But this obligation we hold in common with the whole Protestant body; and we shall cherish an illusion if we suppose ourselves alone or chiefly interested in such high matters. A very little genuine intercourse with clergymen of other denominations will reveal to us a depth and vitality of interest in all these directions most hopeful for the cause of a Liberal Christianity.

If we can resolutely emancipate ourselves from the past and look the present full in the eye, we shall discover that many of these old issues have passed to the rear; and our duty, just now, is not essentially different from that of the whole Protestant church. The vital question now up for discussion, and even more for action, by Protestant Christendom everywhere, is simply this, — "Has the Christian religion a divine authority over the human soul and modern society?"

It would seem as if this mighty question came up at regular periods in modern society for a theoretical and practical answer. The line of assault on the Christian faith of the masses of people in Christian lands varies at successive periods. A hundred years ago began that grand attack upon the Christian religion from the direction of a skeptical and pantheistic philosophy and criticism which has raged in Germany and France, and later in England and America, even to our day. This assault along the whole line of Christian evidence has spent its force and utterly failed of its central purpose. It has dislodged the church and the theologians from a great many untenable positions, and forced intelligent

Christian people everywhere to reconsider the grounds of their faith. But in doing this it has revealed the everlasting foundations of the Christian religion, as laid in a broad and spiritual philosophy of human nature, and the most common needs of man in every emergency of his earthly life.

It is now evident that the coming assault upon Christian faith is from another quarter. The most specious argument of our Southern rebels in the early days of their treason — the argument that paralyzed the people for months — was the persistent demand to our government, "*Let us alone!*" We discovered, at last, that this was only "talking against time." The rebel leaders only wished to neutralize the general government until they were fully prepared to take the offensive. The same demand challenges the Christian ministry in the interest of what is called now "science," and now "secularism." The terms "scientific" and "secular" have long had a well-established meaning, and cover facts and rights of vast importance to modern society. Now these terms have been captured by that spirit which is ever in conflict with Christianity, and have become a cloudy screen from behind which another grand assault on popular Christian faith is to be delivered. The present policy among the leaders in the antichristian movement is to keep the hands of the clergy and Christian people off from themselves, leaving them undisturbed to reorganize the thinking and the living of the coming century with no regard to any religious obligation whatever. In short, through every region of modern society is evident a concerted and well-organized effort to live without "God in the world."

"Let us alone," cry out the disciples of that materialistic and atheistic style of physical speculation which, if it becomes the popular style of thinking, will plunge our coming generation of educated people into the bottomless pit of unbelief. "Let us alone: science has no relation to religion; begins, *de novo*, to investigate the universe; rejects all religious intuitions, instincts, or presuppositions whatever. Attend to your preaching and parish calls, and let us alone with our science," it says to the minister of Christ, — which being

interpreted, meaneth : "Let us capture all the great seats of learning, and educate the professional men of this generation into atheism, while you, clergymen, are remitted to the pathetic office of refreshing yourselves with pious tea and toast, rejoicing in your anniversary-presents, and giving to the remains of the Christian religion an elegant and everlasting burial."

"Let us alone," cries out the party of "secularism" in the education of the people. "The common school has nothing whatever to do with religion. Education is a science of mental development with which your Bibles, your prayers, your hymns, your religious moralities, have nothing to do," — all of which means, that the religious public is politely requested to draw off from all supervision or interest in popular education, leaving the children of the American people open to the invasion of this same atheistic, materialistic indifference, which under the imposing terms of science and culture, is already making such wreck of faith in the higher walks of learning. If the present generation of children can be educated in the public school under the auspices of the "secular" party, the school-house will become virtually the American children's church, — a church on whose portals may be inscribed, "No God need apply within."

"Let us alone," cries out the same party in civil affairs. "Human government and society are only the creatures of the popular breath. Government, as such, is indifferent to religion, — is a 'machine.' Sweep out your prayers and thanksgiving days and acknowledgments of God from all your constitutions and public institutions. Purge the entire civil organism from religious taint. Put the broom through the revised statutes, and dust away the whole body of 'moral legislation,' and reduce the government to a policeman, whose sole occupation is to keep the people from breaking each other's heads," — all of which means that if antichrist can capture the government and public institutions of the United States, and educate a generation in its secular theories, our vocation as clergymen in respect to religion will be similar to that of the government of the United States in respect to

John Brown, which was informed by Gov. Wise that when Virginia was through with John Brown, the general government was at full liberty to present its claims upon his person."

So is there coming up an increasing class of literary and journalistic people whose sole relation to the Christian religion is an occasional slap in the face administered to the religious public and clergy when it presumes to insinuate that literature and journalism, with the spirit of Christianity left out, are not the most desirable instructors of American society. Long ago the business, the politics, and the fashionable society of the country took this secular departure, and now move on with a sublime unconsciousness of the existence of the Christian religion in the world. "Boss" Tweed and the Credit Mobilier gentry, the great and little wire-pullers, and the magnificent women who wave their new black Paris fans in polite society, have a profound respect alike for great theologians and humble young ministers who "let them alone."

In short, the foe especially worth thinking of and worth fighting against just now by the Christian clergy, and the Church of Christ, is this all-pervading and all-devouring spirit of secularism, which, beginning in the regions of life farthest from the church, under cover of such venerated names as liberalism, science, culture, social refinement, is steadily sucking up all the juices of our new society into a life, public and private, which shall dispense utterly with religion of any sort. *For in this controversy, Christianity and religion are synonymous terms.* Secularism has the same opinion of the God of our Free Religious brethren as of the God of the Pope. It puts all Gods, all religions, all except the earthly and superficial interests of man, out of doors. Of course, this spirit has always been the deadliest foe of the Christian religion everywhere; but never so completely before in the history of man did a narrow worldliness embody itself in a consistent philosophy of life, and, under a cloud of banners, inscribed with the most sacred words, move on to capture the most hopeful of nations, and banish God from a new continent.

It may seem strange to our clergy, whose view always in-

cludes the summits of the earthly and the firmament of the heavenly life, that our educated youth and the masses of our people can be taken by such a delusion as this. But there is nothing in our American social condition to prevent its widespread acceptance, and a consequent social demoralization, except the gospel of Jesus Christ. Indeed, there is everything in the excited and bewildering whirl of our new and crude civilization to drive people of all classes into this materialistic and godless way of secular life. There is a great deal to be said in praise of a life bounded by an earthly horizon, and roofed in by the social and civil proprieties. The best men need all their faith in God to save them from the common temptations of the world and the flesh. We remember riding and sailing a whole day, from Berne to Geneva, under a cloud of mist that shut off everything above the height of a few hundred feet. The journey was not without great and varied interest in watching the beauty that everywhere shone out below that roof of gray. But not till we afterwards sailed up the length of Lake Lemman, through an afternoon of sunshine, the whole upper sky crowded with glorious mountain ranges, brooded over by the infinite deeps of an Alpine heaven, did we know what that cloud of mist had cost us. It is the easiest thing in the world for a generation to sink down through an all-pervading absorption in material and earthly prosperity to a state where the whole infinite side of humanity disappears in a fog, and all faith above positive knowledge is scouted in the interest of the highest culture and the most elegant society. And such is the danger today. Not that the Christian religion will be destroyed. The Lord Jesus Christ, for the last eighteen centuries, has demonstrated a divine capacity of taking care of that. But there is more than a possibility that multitudes of our people may be buried up in the wretched fallacies of secularism, and our whole American society so paralyzed by this popular atheism, that nothing short of an electric battery of the "shocking" power of another national thunder-storm can awaken our people to the realities of human life. "Secularism" in this generation means political, industrial, social anarchy, and

civil war a century hence ; for nothing but the gospel of Christ can lift mankind above the conflicts of their lower life into the realm of divine order and peace.

Now that Christian denomination and that body of Christian clergy which can most decisively and thoroughly resist this advancing army of secularism will finally come to the front and be accepted by the people as the highest representative of religion. And when the masses of our people and the educated classes decisively reject this popular secular philosophy of life, and call for religion everywhere, they will give in their adhesion to the religion of Jesus Christ. These discussions with which the amiable visionaries of the Free Religious Association amuse us concerning the proper distribution of honors among the different religions of the world, have no practical importance to anybody in the present emergency. The religion of Jesus Christ, incarnate in his person, written in his gospel, organized in modern society, is practically the only religion on the ground ; and the American people will go to Mr. Chunder Sen, Zoroaster, Epictetus, and the "Heathen Chinee" for their religion when they are seen promenading Broadway in Hindoo skirt and Persian slippers, and retreating from modern times in general. Neither are our people specially interested in the subtle combats of these old, elaborate theological systems. These wonderfully acute doctors of divinity, in their prolonged fencing match of dialectics, are much in the position of the combatants in Sheridan's comedy, whose small swords were so entangled that neither man could stir without peril of life, and the royal Beef Eater was called in to command them all, in the King's name, to drop their weapons of death. The American people just now affectionately advise the doctors of divinity to drop their fine-spun theologies, and close up for the regeneration of the republic from "the world, the flesh, and the devil" by the power of the gospel of love to God and man incarnate in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The first duty of the Unitarian clergy and denomination is to see that its own vital faith in Christ and his religion does not pass away in this subtle solvent of an all-pervading

elegant, amiable, and cultured spirit of secularism. Every religious body holds its truth along the brink of an abyss of error. Our great truth is, *the application of the religion of Christ to every faculty of man and every possible human interest in time and eternity.* Liberal Christianity means, that Christ's simple religion of love is the divine law of man; that only when from its central inspiration he "does all things to the glory of God" does he know the meaning of freedom, and become fit to live in this world or any other. We are the hereditary foes of everybody that proposes to shut off religion in an ecclesiastical establishment or an infallible creed. All our triumphs have been won when our great divines and our people have taken the simple religion of Christ and borne it right through some corrupt region of society, despite the shrieks of a frightened ecclesiasticism and the threats of an insolent worldliness.

But the doctrine that Christianity must be the soul of business, education, society, government, *is a very different idea from the notion that education, industry, political liberty, and social comfort are essentially Christian.* The preacher who finds himself confused at this point, and becomes enlisted as an advocate of the gospel of optimism, in which we are all a band of "pretty good fellows," and modern society, on the whole, is religious enough for practical purposes, will ere long find himself outside the Christian host, and out of sympathy with all the vital aims and ideas of a Liberal Christianity. And just in proportion as our churches permit themselves to be convinced that any region of American life can safely be let alone by the Christian religion, will they lose their vitality, and degenerate from Christian churches to literary, social, or philanthropic clubs.

• The leadership once given us as advocates of freedom in religion has now passed over to the whole progressive section of the Protestant and Catholic church. We have every call in our lofty and simple theology, and our past record of practical Christian service, to step forth now as the leaders in this grand conflict against the on-coming host of secularism. If we are true in this emergency, our service to the Christian

religion will be cheerfully acknowledged by the church and the people. But we shall gain nothing but confusion and weakness by any compromise with that philosophy, or by permitting ourselves to be used by any interest antagonistic to the gospel of Christ.

As Unitarian ministers we have a negative work of no small importance in exposing the popular fallacies by which men and women, in every region of life, propose to get on without the help of Almighty God and the gospel of his Son. Our churches, all churches, are filled with people who are deliberating whether they shall not make this venture of a life in which man is all-sufficient for himself. Of course, this line of preaching requires from all the clergy adequate information and the power of making just distinctions between theories and tendencies that are essentially secular and essentially religious. We, especially, can show that what we mean by a Christian civilization and life is not an order of society outwardly controlled by the church, but a world exalted and shaped, in all things without and within, by that spirit of Christian love which is the divine authority in human affairs.

But our grand work as Unitarian ministers does not differ essentially from that of the clergy of every Christian denomination. It is, first, to awaken the religious nature of our people by direct dealing with the soul in all its highest interests in time and eternity. Nothing short of the most positive ministry to the religious affections and the conscience can rescue the masses or the educated classes from this bewitchment of a secular and worldly life. When the sun rose over central Switzerland, the mist disappeared, and the world of glittering mountains and heavenly blue was silently revealed. We have too long occupied ourselves with attenuated theological controversies, with moralistic proprieties and commonplace philanthropies, forgetting that until men are converted from their indifference and sin, and take the first mighty step of complete consecration to God, their theology, philanthropy, and morality are all a changeable, baseless, and superficial clothing of their lives, of no permanent importance. If any Unitarian congregation is slumbering in the grateful conceit

that it has no sin to be forgiven, and there is no salvation to be sought for any soul within its enclosure, the sooner that slumber is broken by the prophet in the pulpit, the better, whatever be the result.

And when the religious life is once awakened, let all the distinctively religious activities of our churches be revived. In our smaller communities it may be important to organize purely literary or social agencies in connection with the church. But we shall lose power over the souls of men in proportion as we permit the vitality of our churches to be monopolized by these attractions. The great want in the more cultivated classes of our country is not dancing-masters, private theatricals, polite literature, flower-shows, and a general good time all around, but a deep, earnest spirit of Christian consecration which can shoulder the tremendous burdens, fulfill the hard duties, resist the awful temptations, and cast out the legion of devils that beset our American life. The most cultivated and fastidious skeptic, or the most stolid materialist, will finally be won to the spiritual life by that church and minister which brings most sharply before him the tremendous realities of God, duty, and the immortal life. Our own young people will leave us, spite of all our attractions of society and culture, for those churches that awaken them powerfully to a sense of sin and the need of a new, consecrated life. Skeptical and worldly people are skeptical and worldly because their religious nature has fallen into abeyance while they have become engrossed in a few inferior interests. The preaching that drives straight at their deepest spiritual wants, appeals to their immortal hopes and loves, brushes away the mist from the uplands of their life, is the only preaching they permanently will come to hear. The only church that can hold them is a church that will have no compromise with their secular fancies or sinful lives, but stands before them, like Christ, saying, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

There is no interest now in the Unitarian body that compares with this of a revival of religion itself in our clergy and the churches already established. The West does not

need "liberalism," but the Christian religion like a sword of fiery love searching its soul and all its outward extremities. If we have any apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ to spare, it is worth while to sell all we have and raise the funds to send them there. But every half-hearted, secular, skeptical preacher we pension in the West is a mischief to the community to which he goes and a prejudice to our divine doctrine of Liberal Christianity. If the present apparent dead-lock in our Western policy, and our declining interest in missions, shall concentrate our efforts for the coming year on the all-important point of the Christian life in our people and our churches, there need be no apprehension for our future. A body of five hundred Unitarian ministers and churches, fused to a red heat of zeal by a new inspiration of Christian life, representing in deed and truth the simplicity and power of our holy faith, will be a phalanx that can go where it will up and down the land, awakening and leading the Christian churches and people in the day of conflict between Christ and antichrist that now impends.

SUBMISSION.

A HYMN.

O God, mine eyes and ears unseal
To see thine angels ever near,
And hear their voices ; may I feel
Nor rebel pride, nor slavish fear.

I bless thee for the holy joys
Thy grace has taught my glowing heart ;
Henceforth, thy will be all my choice, —
I could not choose a better part.

Each dearest hope, each anxious fear,
My fondest longings, I would still ;
I lay them on thine altar here,
And only seek to do thy will.

H. T.

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT PREACHING.

IT is many years since I began to go to church ; it was, in the part of New England in which I then lived, the practice as well as the habit of every family to be fully represented at the weekly gathering in the sanctuary. It was a pleasure as well as a habit to be there ; for the clear, good sense, and the earnest devotion of the preacher, interested alike young and old.

Now I am often, as I sit in a half-filled church, led to think about the causes which contribute to produce this decay of attendance on public worship. Having been brought up with reverence for the pastoral office, and therefore for those who fill it, I thought long and often before it occurred to me to look into the pulpit for the cause of the emptiness of the pews. I thought that a superstitious observance of the Sabbath was dying out ; that men of intellect and education might do better for themselves by studying at home ; that we must judge men by their fruits, rather than by their presence in one place or another. All this it was well for me to remember ; but it did not touch the matter in hand.

Now, what is the object of preaching ? It is not now, as it once was, instruction ; for other means of instruction abound. Schools, free libraries, and even newspapers, offer now what once only the pulpit could teach. But the object of preaching should be to rouse the mind and heart in the direction of religion and devotion ; to put the hearer in such a frame of mind that religious teaching shall come to him as to one that hungers and thirsts after righteousness. First, we must love God ; then we must desire to serve him : then we shall do his will, and we "shall know of the doctrine." This is the order of religious growth. And it seems to me a fatal mistake that is made by those preachers who preach dogmas and theories even. It is not only beginning at the wrong end, but such preaching produces, in a large proportion of listeners, an indifferent way of listening which soon becomes a habit of inattention. A great part of a congregation consists of people whose religion is purely devotional, and cannot in the nature of things be anything else ; who desire to "fear God and keep his commandments ;" whose necessity in going to church is a service that will "kindle a flame of holy love in these cold hearts of ours ;" whose daily lives are

hard and busy ; and who need above all to keep alive a religious and moral enthusiasm which may be sufficient to lift them above the petrifying level on which their days follow one another in changeless monotony. I know that a minister, to reach the highest point of usefulness, must be a scholar and a hard student ; he must come to difficult points, and untangle knotty questions ; he must puzzle over inconsistencies, and reconcile (or perhaps not reconcile) discrepancies. But he must do it at home in his study, and let all those things be but the ladder whereby he mounts to the heights from which he is able to speak with authority to the people. We do not need processes, but results ; and to see the process spoils the enjoyment of the result. As wisely might a builder leave the scaffolding about the edifice which he summons his friends to admire, confusing their view of the beauty and proportion of the finished building. As wisely might a gardener bring to a flower-show the half-developed tubers which, cherished in the warmth of his home, would have expanded with rare and fragrant flowers. No : much of a minister's work should be known only to himself, hidden in the dark, unseen places of his mind, like the roots of the tree in the earth, and like them bringing forth the fruit which nourishes and refreshes, and which may indeed be for the healing of the nations.

Physicians have lately learned the value of sunshine as a sanitary agent. Would that the profession that deals with souls instead of bodies might learn the value of the same sort of treatment in the mental and spiritual world ! We need light and heat, — light from the New Testament which will show us its very source, heat from the enthusiasm which should be evolved from the active spiritual nature of every minister who lives near the fountain of all enthusiasm and inspiration, whence alone he can draw the daily supplies for his daily needs. It is not coming to religion by way of science, or by way of controversy, or by way of Eastern thought, or by way of modern investigations, but only by him, who is himself the way, that the interest of the mass of hearers can be excited. I have listened to preaching that seemed to bind the whole congregation in one electric chain, and when they left the church it was to carry through the week the glow of the service which would illuminate and cheer their way, and shed some of its life on all with whom they came in contact. For this we all suffer now ; but I believe gladly that we sometimes have it, and I earnestly hope for more.

THE WALDENSES.

BY REV. HENRY F. JENKS.

THE record of ecclesiastical persecution and religious wars contains nothing to surpass the bigotry, cruelty, intolerance, and superstition manifested in the treatment, by the Roman Catholic Church, of the poor disciples of Christ known as the Waldenses.

Their origin is involved in obscurity, some deriving it from Peter Waldo, a merchant of Lyons in the twelfth century (undoubtedly one of their preachers), and others assigning it to apostolic times, and claiming them as the true church, successors of the first followers of our Lord. It seems, however, certain that they existed as a body as early as the ninth century.

They refuse to be called a Reformed Church, saying that they hold the faith from which the Roman Catholic Church has degenerated, obscuring the truth by its superstitious dogmas and vain observances.

The origin of their name may be thus explained. Dwelling in the valleys of Piedmont, they were called Vallenses, or in the dialect of the country Vaudois, — that is, men of the valleys, — and this name in later times became Waldenses, under the mistaken impression that they were descended from the followers of Peter Waldo.

The Waldenses declare that their ancestors occupied their country from the days of the apostles, and that Christian missionaries from Rome preached the gospel to them; and one writer even claims that if Paul ever made the missionary journey into Spain, which many believe he did, his route would have led him through their country, and he may have preached to them. Arnaud, who led the Vaudois on their re-entrance to their native land, in 1689, thinks they were descended from the refugees of Italy who fled from the persecutions of the third and fourth centuries under Marcus Aurelius, Maximin, Decius, Valerian, and Diocletian.

They believed in the absolute authority and inspiration of the Bible ; the trinity in the Godhead ; the sinful state of man, and salvation by Jesus Christ ; and that the true faith works and is shown forth by love. They regarded sin as mortal and venial ; allowed confession, but claimed that it should be made first to God, and to the priest only for the sake of receiving counsel, believing that the priest had no power of absolution, and was to be consulted by the sinner only as the sick consult their physician.

They recommended alms-giving and fasting ; thought prayer essentially implied in love ; that patience, constancy, gentleness, resignation, and charity are the seal of the Christian ; that the truth was always to be spoken, and ought not to need from any the confirmation of an oath.

Their opposition to the church of Rome was founded upon the Bible. "Show us our errors," they said, "prove to us from the Bible that we are wrong, and we will abjure." A Romish priest, who had disputed with their pastors, said that he learned more of the Scriptures from them in three days than he had ever known before in his whole life.

Their enemies yielded reluctant testimony to their merits. The inquisitor Reinerius says they are more dangerous than other heretics because "they have a great resemblance of piety, live justly before men, and believe, together with all the articles contained in the creed, every point well respecting the Deity, only they blaspheme the Roman Catholic Church and clergy, to which the multitudes of the laity are ready enough to give credence."

The Archbishop of Turin admits that in their lives and morals they were "without reproach among men, addicting themselves with all their might to observe the commands of God."

Luther says that in the days of his popery he had hated the Waldenses as persons consigned to perdition, but having understood the piety of their faith, he perceived that these good men whom the Pope had condemned as heretics had been greatly wronged, for they ought to have been reckoned as martyrs.

Believing that the teachings of Scripture favored an illiterate ministry, and directed each teacher to obtain his subsistence by the work of his hand, the religious education of their ministers (called barbes) was slight, and each was obliged to learn a trade. Each minister also had to take his turn in acting as a missionary. Two by two, like the apostles, an old man accompanied by a younger, they went forth on this duty, — going in regular rounds from Piedmont to Calabria, taking one route and returning by another, stopping at regular stations to comfort the afflicted, strengthen the weak, confirm and increase the faith of all. It is said that they could pass from Cologne to Florence and remain every night in the house of a friend.

The barbes received instruction for two or three years, during which time they committed to memory many passages of the New Testament, and then were ordained by the imposition of hands. They were partly supported by voluntary contributions. Their preaching was in the vulgar tongue. Much of their worship consisted in reading the Scriptures. The representatives of the Romish Church destroyed every copy of the Scriptures which they could find among these people. Unable to multiply or replace their copies, and finding them gradually diminishing, they began to commit them to memory, and many a poor peasant of their number could repeat, not only chapters, but whole books of the Bible; and at their meetings one after another in turn would recite to the rest passages of Scripture.

It was a keen retort of a woman of the Waldenses to a priest, who had asked of her charity for some Catholic families rendered homeless by a fire, — “Did it catch from a spark from the burning Bibles?”

Driven from their churches, these poor people were forced to worship, in fear and trembling, in private houses, in woods, in caves, or any place of secrecy. Again and again, sometimes several times a year, they crossed the glaciers and took journeys of many miles into France to hear the truths of the gospel. Often to get to their meetings unperceived, — for to be caught was sure death, — they had to travel by night,

with shoeless feet, and with the feet of their animals carefully muffled.

The Waldenses were left unmolested until about the twelfth century, because the Popes were occupied with their domestic troubles, and had no leisure to attend to them until after the Bishops of Northern Italy had been brought into a state of wholesome subjection, in the eleventh century. The first measures against them by the secular power were about 1209, when Otho IV. was elected Emperor of the West and gave the Archbishop of Turin authority to destroy them. From the commencement of the thirteenth to the close of the eighteenth century, the Romish persecution of the Vaudois continued, sometimes remitted, then breaking forth with renewed fury.

The severity of the persecutions is almost inconceivable. The grounds on which they were justified were usually as frivolous as false. Catholics even went so far as to promise their lives and freedom to convicted assassins, if they would only confess that the deeds which they had committed had been instigated by the Vaudois pastors. The most abandoned wretches, condemned criminals, desperadoes of all kinds, were not only pardoned for past sins, but assured of the highest rewards of heaven in consideration of taking part in the persecutions of the Waldenses; and bands of desperate men were associated together, solely to seize these unhappy Protestants on their long and weary journeys to and from their worship of God according to the dictates of their consciences.

The pen hesitates to trace the barbarities perpetrated by these wretches, and yet the tale ought in part to be told. Men were flayed alive, women and young girls violated and burned or buried alive, men and women hacked into inch pieces, or left to live with the skin torn from their bodies and hanging in long strips, so as to cause the most exquisite torture, or deprived of their members one by one. Fathers, husbands, and brothers were forced to be witnesses of the most shameful atrocities inflicted upon their wives, daughters, and sisters. Men were hacked with sabres, and their wounds

filled with quicklime ; or their mouths were filled with gunpowder to which a match was put, by which in a few minutes their heads were blown to atoms. The bodies of women and children, torn asunder and quartered, lined the roads for many miles. These are but a part of the horrors, and by no means isolated cases, but common occurrences of the persecutions. The number of the victims was reckoned by thousands. Every rock and every valley of Piedmont cries aloud, with a terrible voice of agony, to God for vengeance.

A historian of these people says. "If hell had been emptied of its inhabitants, and all let loose among the valleys of Piedmont, greater enormities could never have been expected or committed."

In spite of their sufferings, the Waldenses remained firm. Strict interpreters of the Sermon on the Mount, they long refused to take up arms, even in self-defence, until persuaded by their pastors that it was their duty to preserve their lives. Their moderation even in the hour of victory is as noticeable as it is unusual. The highest possible testimony to their Christian virtues and magnanimous dispositions was given by their Catholic neighbors, who sent their own daughters to the Waldenses to preserve their honor, when Catholic troops were marching to destroy these poor Protestants, preferring to trust those whom their own armies were seeking to exterminate, rather than risk their treatment at the hands of their own friends. The event justified their faith ; for when the danger was over the women were restored unharmed.

On Christmas day, 1400, a force of Catholics from Susa invaded the valley of Pragela, driving the poor people from their homes at dead of night, in mid-winter, to take refuge on the snow-covered mountain of Albergan. When morning dawned eighty infants with their mothers had perished from the cold.

In January, 1476, the Regent of Savoy (Yoland or Violante, widow of Amadeus IX.) demanded that at whatever cost the Vaudois should be forced to observe the worship of the Romish Church. In reply they demanded that the 'Romish Church should be brought back to the gospel. In 1484, the

inhabitants of the valley of Loyse were almost exterminated by the Archbishop of Ambrun. In 1486, a bill of extermination was issued, summoning all Catholics to a crusade against them. At this time the Vaudois were victorious over all their adversaries.

In 1487, began a series of persecutions. Albert de Capitaneis (or Cattané), nuncio of Pope Innocent VIII., persuaded the King of France, the Duke of Savoy, and other neighboring princes to undertake the extirpation of heretics. A force of twenty-four thousand men was raised, and Angrogna was the principal point of attack. The Waldenses, with their families, flocks, and provisions, for two years took refuge in a cave in Mt. Pelvoux, supposed to be perfectly inaccessible; but their enemies, ascending the rocks above them, let themselves down by ropes to the mouth of the cave. Too much terrified to kill the enemy one by one, as they came into their grasp, or to cut the ropes and prevent their descent, they took refuge in flight, and being captured were put to death, or remaining in the cave were suffocated, its entrance having been piled up with wood which was set on fire. In this massacre three thousand perished.

But their enemies gained little, and in a year or two Philip VII., Duke of Savoy, was glad to terminate a war in which "the hide of one of the Waldenses cost him the life of twenty of his soldiers." Having asked to see some of their children he was surprised to find them like other children, having been led by the priests to believe that the children of these heretics had black throats, four rows of hairy teeth, and goat's feet.

After the death of Philip VII., his son Charles, instigated by the Archbishop of Turin and the Inquisition, entered upon another crusade against them, and Pantaleon Bressour filled the prisons and monasteries at Pignerol, and the dungeons of the Inquisition at Turin, with captives.

In 1536, most of the Vaudois came under the power of France, and for the twenty-three years during which they so remained, there was but little open persecution, though the tools of the "Holy Office" continued to seek after and imprison the heretics, and many were carried to the stake, while

others endured severe sufferings. During the period they had printed, at New-chatel, a translation of the Bible made by Robert Olivetan, one of their pastors, and raised fifteen hundred crowns in gold to meet the expense of its publication.

In 1540, a decree was passed ordering the destruction of Merindol, and condemning twenty-three of the inhabitants to the stake; but its execution was suspended. In 1544, Francis I. put a stop to all proceedings against the Vaudois, released such as were in prison, and restored them to their social privileges. In 1545, by deceit and forgery, a revocation of this edict was obtained from the King, and the decree of 1540 was carried into effect; and Merindol and seventeen other towns were destroyed, with circumstances of brutality which have consigned to eternal infamy the name of Menier d' Oppede.

The day after the destruction of Merindol, the town of Cabrieres, and soon after the town of La Costa, shared the same fate.

After Piedmont reverted to Savoy, and the Waldenses had come under the government of Emanuel Philibert, an edict, dated at Nice, 1560, was issued, by the Papal influence, authorizing another crusade against them. In this war the Count de la Trinité gained the notoriety of a persecutor, but in every engagement with him the Waldenses were the victors.

About 1560, as the "Holy Office" did not seem sufficiently active in the extermination of heretics, a new body was formed, called the council "de propaganda fide et extirpandis hereticis," with which a female order was connected. It was the duty of these bodies to offer every inducement to the Waldenses to abjure their faith, but if they remained steadfast to visit them with condign punishment. They regulated their conduct strictly by the papal injunction that "faith need not be kept with heretics."

Until the death of Victor Amadeus I., in 1637, the valleys enjoyed a comparatively uninterrupted peace; but after that occurred the severest storm of persecution, known as the

Piedmontese Easter, which takes its place by the side of the Massacre of St. Bartholemew and the Sicilian Vespers.

Fifteen thousand Piedmontese, commanded by the Marquis of Pianessa, entered the valleys, and on the 24th of April, 1655, at a signal given from Castelluzza, near Turin, began a scene of blood such as this world has not often witnessed in modern times and among nations claiming to be Christian. Houses and churches were burned, infants were torn in pieces, or had their brains beaten out; the sick were burned, or cut in pieces, or thrown down precipices; women were violated, and then, having been impaled on spears, were born about as standards, or, having been shockingly mutilated, were left to perish.

So great were the cruelties of the period that Sir Samuel Morland, the Ambassador of Cromwell, protested against them to the Duke of Savoy (Charles Emanuel), closing his speech with this language:—

“The most serene Protector himself adjures you to have compassion on your subjects in the valleys, so cruelly maltreated. Misery has followed the massacres: they wander upon the mountains, they suffer from hunger and from cold, their wives and children drag out their lives in destitution and consuming affliction. And of what barbarities have they been the victims! Their houses burned; their members torn, scattered about, mutilated, sometimes even devoured by the murderers! Heaven and earth shudder at it with horror! Were all the Neroes of past and future times to view these fields of carnage, in fancy and inexpressible atrocities (let it not wound your royal highness), they would conclude that they had never seen anything but what was good and humane in comparison with these things! I say it without offence to your majesty. O God! sovereign ruler of heaven and earth, avert from the heads of the guilty the just vengeance which so much bloodshed calls for.”

The response to this appeal (made at the instigation of a woman!) was, that it was impossible to “represent as barbarities, chastisements so mild and paternal inflicted upon rebellious subjects, whose revolt no sovereign could excuse!”

Cromwell did not confine his efforts to protestations: he

contributed two thousand pounds to a fund raised in England in their behalf, he offered them a home in Ireland, and sent to most of the sovereigns of Europe letters to interest them in this persecuted people. These letters were written by the Poet Milton, at the time Secretary of State, who was deeply interested in the Waldenses, and expressed his sympathy not in this way alone but in his noble sonnet beginning, —

“Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on Alpine mountains cold.”

The names of Janavel and Jahier, and their noble exploits in the defense of the persecuted Waldenses, shine out and illumine a period otherwise dark and gloomy. Under these leaders great successes were gained, with so little loss that their enemies believed the heretics to be in league with the Devil, who rendered bullets powerless against them.

Soon after Cromwell's death, the Waldenses were attacked for fourteen months by the Marquis of Fleury. Charles II., when he came to the throne, seized and appropriated to his own use that portion of the money contributed for the Waldenses which had not been paid over, saying that he was not bound to pay the debts of an usurper.

We come now to, perhaps, the most horrible of the thirty-three wars waged against this people for their religion. Louis XIV., having annihilated Protestantism in France, wished his neighbor, the Duke of Savoy, to do the same. Victor Amadeus II., then Duke, declined ; but was afterwards frightened into acquiescence. An edict was issued calling upon the inhabitants to become Papists. They resisted, and on the 23d of April, 1686, a force commanded by de Catinat, sent to enforce their obedience, attacked them at St. Germain, but was repulsed, and the next day at Angrogna. On the third day the Waldenses, to the number of fourteen thousand deceived by false promises, laid down their arms, just when victory was in their grasp. They were thrown into prison, and their valleys given up to the Catholics.

Eleven thousand Waldenses died in prison ; the remaining three thousand were allowed to retreat to Switzerland, and

after incredible toil, suffering, and loss reached Genève, but so exhausted were they that, though kindly received, many perished in passing from one gate of the city to the other.

They remained here, or dispersed in the canton of Berne, for several years. After two or three unsuccessful attempts to return to their native land, on the 16th of August, 1689, nine hundred men, led by Henri Arnaud, having crossed the Lake of Geneva, set out in the direction of Mt. Blanc. They marched through the Alps with inconsiderable loss, paying for whatever provisions they took. Acting on the advice of Janavel, who though in exile still felt a deep interest in his native land, when they fought they took no prisoners. They seized, however, the principal men of the villages through which they passed, and held them as hostages.

At the river Dora, near the village of Salabertran, they encountered twenty-five hundred French, under the Marquis de Larrey, whom they routed, killing six hundred, and themselves losing only fifteen killed, and twelve wounded.

Skirmish succeeded skirmish. From August to April they maintained themselves against the French and Piedmontese troops. During the winter they were providentially saved from starvation by the timely discovery of a supply of wheat under the snow.

At Balsi, they made a heroic defense, and sustained a long siege, finally making a wonderful retreat over almost impassable mountains, in the midst of which came a rupture between France and Savoy, which obtained for them an amnesty, the recall of their families from exile, the restoration of their lands, and the renewal of their old religious liberties. True to their loyalty, and forgetful of their sufferings, they ranged themselves with Savoy, and fought gallantly against France till the close of the war.

After their return, a fostering care over them was exercised by the English government. During the reign of Napoleon they enjoyed rights and privileges equal to those of the rest of their countrymen. In 1837, the intolerant edicts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were renewed through Popish influence, but at the present day they

are unrestricted in respect to civil rights and religious liberty.

A few words may be added on the present constitution of the Waldensian Church. There is in each church a court called the Consistory, composed of the pastors, elders, one or more deacons, and a legal adviser. No man who is dependent on charity for support, or keeps a public house, is allowed to be an elder. The elders are installed in office, and have duties similar to, but more extensive, than those of the deacons in our Congregational churches.

The next court is the Table, composed of three pastors and two laymen, which superintends the pastors and teachers, the churches and schools, carries out the decree of the Synod, attends to the foreign and domestic correspondence, chooses deputations to foreign countries, suspends unworthy pastors, and teaches, examines, and ordains candidates for the ministry, superintends the conduct and studies of students for the ministry, and settles difficulties arising between the pastors and congregations.

The Supreme Council of the Waldenses, not only in spiritual and ecclesiastical, but mixed or secular matters, is the Synod, which until recently met only once in five years. It embraces all the regular pastors, all professors who are ministers, and a deputation of two elders from each parish, who have, however, but one vote.

The descendants of the Waldenses who lived in the valleys of Piedmont were naturally led, by their situation in the neighborhood of France, and the republic of Geneva, to embrace the doctrines and rites of the Reformed Church ; but up to 1630, they retained a considerable part of their ancient tenets and discipline ; but the plague which broke out then, and destroyed many of their teachers, forced them to apply to the French churches for clergy, and those who were sent made changes in their discipline and doctrine which conformed them to that of the French Protestant churches.

Two important works, the "Treatise on Antichrist," and the "Noble Lesson," written as early as the thirteenth century, and perhaps earlier, which are ascribed without doubt



to Vaudois authors, give us some idea of their belief at that time. These works are referred to, and copious extracts from them given by almost every historian of the people.

The "Treatise on Antichrist," the earlier of the two, shows that in the twelfth century, at least, the Waldenses did not believe in the efficacy of the baptismal rite alone, or in the mass, or in mortal sins, or in the need of the secular power to support the church, or in persecution.

In the thirteenth century, they opposed offering prayer to the Virgin, and the invocation of saints, disbelieved in Purgatory, thought general confession of no account, that there was no necessity for burial in consecrated ground, and that God could be honored anywhere as well as in a church.

At the time of the Reformation they acknowledged no authoritative rule of faith but the Bible, believed in justification through the merits of Christ, rejected Purgatory, disallowed the power of the priests to grant absolution, regarded the worship of the Virgin as idolatry, denied and derided Transubstantiation, and opposed the adoration of images.

They thought correctness of life was essential, acknowledged the duty of obedience to the constituted authorities, regarded the office of the ministry as one of great importance and believed that matrimony was to be interdicted to none. Their confession is an enlargement of the Apostles' Creed.*

WHAT a free, full tide of gratitude will burst from our souls when we shall stand upon the summit of all time, and see the reason why for us the fire and flood were needed! What prayers of thankfulness will then arise to Him who cast the dross away that he might mould our crude form into the semblance of his own!

* The principal authorities for this article are Baird's Protestantism in Italy; and the Israel of the Alps, by Alexis Muston, D.D.

OLD AGE.

A SERMON. BY JOSEPH ALLEN, D.D.

"I have been young, and now am old."—Ps. xxxvii. 25.

"The days of our years are threescore years and ten."—Ps. xc. 10.

THE mystic number *seven*, repeated *ten* times, rounds the period assigned as the age of man. Threescore years and ten may justly be regarded as a long life: and though a good degree of health and vigor, and though rich sources of satisfaction and enjoyment may remain after the period of active labor is past, yet, according to the course of nature, there must be, from this prescribed limit, a gradual undermining and dilapidation of "this earthly house of our tabernacle," foreshadowing its approaching dissolution. The mind, too, sympathizes with the body; and though the spirit may be willing, it is hampered and hindered through its connection with a diseased or an impaired organism.

From this time we may look for unmistakable signs of the approach, or actual presence, of old age. There is less elasticity, both of mind and muscle. Mental and physical labor, if long continued, is irksome and wearisome; and the recuperative powers of our nature, so strong and effective in youth and manhood, are weakened, so that fatigue is sooner superinduced, and not so easily repaired. The appetite is less keen, the digestion is less perfect, sleep less balmy and refreshing, and oftener broken by restlessness and pains. Arduous and persistent labors, if not physically impossible, after one has passed the boundaries of threescore and ten, are performed in violation of nature's inexorable law, the penalty for which violation will sooner or later be exacted.

As age advances stealthily, step by step, coming upon us unawares, while as yet we have discovered no symptoms of his approach, or as it is expressed by one of the old Hebrew prophets, "Gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he discerneth it not,"—so we may be tempted to remain too long in the field, and to labor beyond our strength, thereby bringing on acute disease or premature decay and untimely death.

It is well then to throw off, as far as we can, the weight which we are no longer able to sustain, leaving it for sturdier shoulders and lither limbs to bear the burden and to do the work. It is better, however, to labor beyond our strength than to live an idle and unprofitable life, mere cumberers of the ground, doing nothing for the world which has done so much for us. Instead of thus burying our talent in the earth, we shall do well to put it out on interest, and keep it out on interest, *till the Master calls for it*, consecrating our waning, as well as our full-orbed powers, to God, our country, and our race.

Again, it is a mistake to suppose, as many do, that age necessarily blunts the sensibilities, dries up the fountains of enjoyments, and makes life a burden.

"The Song of the Old Man of Seventy" expresses what many aged persons have experienced:—

"I am not old, — I cannot be old, —
Though threescore years and ten
Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,
The lives of other men.

"A dream, a dream, — it is all a dream, —
A strange, sad dream, good sooth;
For old as I am, and old as I seem,
My heart is full of youth.

"Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, though it seems to grow old,
Is the heart forever young.

"*Forever young*, — though life's old age
Hath every nerve unstrung;
The *heart*, — the heart is a heritage
That keeps the old man young."

In truth, there is no old age to the affections, to the social or spiritual nature of man. While the muscles are relaxed, and their integuments are shriveled, and "the strong men bow themselves," and the whole body bears unmistakable marks of decay, the heart may retain the freshness and ten-

derness and susceptibilities of youth. It is a great mistake to suppose that the heart must have its wrinkles as well as the brow; that, as the appetite for food becomes less keen, the love of the beautiful or the good dies out of the soul; that, because one is old in years, he must be old in his affections, and can no longer have any sympathy with the young in their tastes and pursuits, their aspirations and joys.

"It is not every kind of old age," says Cicero, in his "Treatise on Old Age," "that grows sour by keeping." "As it is not every kind of wine, so it is not every sort of temper that turns sour by age." (Melmoth's Translation.)

Age should rather serve to soften and sweeten the temper, to make us more gentle, affectionate, charitable. In the ardor and inexperience of youth, in the rivalries and contention of mature life, many indulge and exhibit a narrow, bigoted, sectarian spirit, and say and do many things they should be sorry for. The experience of life should—it often does—cure them of these faults and lead them to cultivate the opposite virtues.

It is a sad thing if, as we grow old, we retain and cherish a captious, contentious, censorious spirit, and are wanting in that charity which is the end of the Christian graces.

Surely there is no necessity, no good reason, why age should be sour, morose, unsocial, repulsive; or why it should frown upon pleasure for which it has itself no relish, or from which it is debarred by custom or the reason of things. It is possible, I am sure, to unite gravity with cheerfulness, strong convictions with toleration, the wisdom of age with the buoyancy of youth. And there is something peculiarly beautiful and charming in the bringing together on the canvas of the artist, in works of fiction, or in actual life, youth and age,—youth with its lightheartedness and smiles, and age with its sobriety and gravity. Such a commingling of ages is a mutual benefit. The young may gain wisdom and the old may be rejuvenated by the intercourse.

Age, shut out from all communication with the young, may well be monkish, dismal, forbidding, intolerable.

Let it then be well understood that age does not necessarily

incapacitate one for useful labor, or for social enjoyment; and accordingly that long life — life extended to the limits or beyond the boundary of threescore and ten — may be a blessing to its possessor and to others.

But what I wish to affirm with peculiar emphasis is this: the predominant feeling — the sentiment that should be uppermost in the heart in the case of one who, with an ordinary share of life's blessing, has completed the allotted term of human life — is that of *gratitude*, profound gratitude, to the Author and Giver of all good gifts, such as is so beautifully expressed in one of our hymns, —

“When all they mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.”

Now gratitude is a cheerful emotion, and should be expressed by a cheerful countenance, and a voice and manner that shall attract rather than repel; such as shall win favor, rather than produce disgust; such, for instance, as shall encourage the advances of little children, and make them feel that they are welcome guests.

True — as we must all admit — the retrospect, in the case of most aged persons, from the advanced post to which they have arrived must awaken many painful emotions. For the life of the most fortunate has its rubs and its crosses. Life at the best is but a chequered scene. In every cup the bitter is mingled with the sweet. Favorite schemes have failed. Cherished hopes have been crushed. Contented, happy, well-ordered households have, by some calamitous event, — by some cruel reverse of fortune, — been broken up or converted into the abodes of poignant grief.

But outnumbered and outweighed a thousand-fold have these trials been by the rich and varied gifts which a beneficent Providence has poured into our lap. Nor were these trials without their compensations. They were needed, and therefore were they sent. The Good Father chastens whom he loves, and from the soil moistened by tears have sprung some of the choicest flowers of the Christian life. Thus it

is that "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope," and that "hope is an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast."

Gratitude, I repeat it, is the predominant feeling that is awakened in the heart of the aged pilgrim, as he looks back on the way in which he has been led from his youth up even until now, and he can repeat with deep feeling the words of the sweet singer of Israel, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Accordingly, the retrospect will be joyous rather than grievous; will call forth songs of gladness rather than funereal strains.

But besides the memory of joys that are past, — "pleasing but mournful to the soul," — there are other fountains of enjoyment that age does not dry up, fountains that send forth perennial streams to cheer and refresh the way-worn traveler as he approaches his journey's end. Except in extreme cases where old age is accompanied by want and loneliness, — and even such cases are provided for by the establishment of asylums and retreats for the aged and infirm in our New England cities and villages, and in all well-regulated communities, — leaving out of view exceptional cases, the season of old age may be, I conceive, as replete with pure, tranquil joys as any former portion of life. After having thrown off the burden of severe, unremitting toil, with comfortable health and a competency, with obliging neighbors and sympathizing friends, ready to lend their aid in sickness or trouble, while children and children's children rise up and call us blessed, with opportunities for self-culture and social enjoyment and Christian growth, — with such surroundings and appliances, — and such most of us might have if we chose, — why should old age be an object of dread and abhorrence? Why should it be thought strange that the aged should profess that they never had juster causes for thankfulness than now?

I am sure I could summon living witnesses who would confirm what I have said. They may be found in their comfortable houses, and in retreats for the aged in every village in the

land,— beautiful specimens of a serene, contented, cheerful, happy old age. We can recall the images of such who have “passed on,” from whose lips fell expressions of gratitude and trust and joyful anticipation, as from the confines of another world they looked back on the past and saw how God had led them on in a way they knew not, and forsook them not in their old age. Yes, from beneath the accumulating weight of years and many infirmities, they could raise to heaven the voice of thanksgiving and praise, feeling that life to them, with all its ills, had been a precious boon ; looking upon the world they were about to leave as, after all, a happy world, yet looking for something far better and more beautiful in that which was about to be revealed.

But while much may be done by industry and thrift, by the cultivation of the mind and manners,— and above all, and more than all, by the formation of a pure and noble character,— while by such means much may be done in early life to secure for ourselves a serene, contented, cheerful old age, we must admit that there are trials peculiar to the aged which in many instances make life a burden and death a boon.

And to this condition we may come at last. Yes, even the most prosperous and fortunate among us, whose whole life has been fraught with blessings, whose autumn especially has been one long Indian Summer, calm, serene, beautiful,— even to such may come at last those “evil days” of which they shall be constrained to say, “I have no pleasure in them,” when the senses become obtuse, and the active powers give way, and “the keepers of the house tremble and the strong men bow themselves, and all the daughters of music are brought low,” and wakeful nights and wearisome days succeed each other, and there is no relief, no respite, this side the grave.

In such extremity, life is no longer desirable, and death is awaited, if with the patience of hope, yet as a welcome release from the prison-house of clay. But should the thought of death be a repulsive one to the aged servant of God, who through a long life has aimed to do his Father’s will? to the weary pilgrim who has safely passed the dangers of his

course? to the veteran soldier of the cross who has fought a good fight and gained the victory?

"Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast.

"Ye sigh not when the sun,—his course fulfilled,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,—
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven, and ruddy mountain-head.

"Why weep ye then for him who, having won'
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labor done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed,
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight-hues, when the bright sun is set?"

Let us learn to look on death, not as an Apollyon,—a Destroyer, but as a good angel, whose mission it is to disengage the weary spirit from the bondage of mortality, and to conduct it through the golden gates to the eternal city.

This is the Christian idea of death. Death is not a finality, but a change, only a change, in the mode of existence,—a change essential, by the laws of our being, to the full development of our nature, what *must* intervene between the lower and higher stages of our being. We pass from death to life, from the natural to the spiritual, from that which is corruptible to that which is incorruptible, imperishable, immortal.

"It is soon cut off:" the union of the body with the spirit is dissolved, and "we fly away." *We*,—that which makes us what we are, spiritual beings allied to the Father of spirits,—we fly away, ascend to heaven, become denizens of the spiritual world.

Is it not so? Do we not so teach and believe? Do we look upon our departed friends, our loved companions, our dear children, who have been taken from our side,—do we think of them as lost, and not rather as gone before?

When, with not unbecoming tears, we follow their mortal remains to the grave, do we return to our desolate homes with the thought that all was over, that we should see them no more? Oh, no, no, we instantly reply to the suggestion. No, verily they live, and the good Father who watches the sparrow's fall, watches over them and provides for them as here.

And voices come to us from the spirit land saying, "Weep not for us; banish your doubts; dismiss your fears, and put a cheerful courage on. We shall meet again to part no more, and God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes, and there shall be no more death."

[ADDED IN 1870.]

I had little reason to expect ten years since, when I had completed the term assigned as the age of man, that another decade would be added to my threescore and ten. Yet a benignant Providence has granted me this favor, and has moreover made those years as pleasant as any preceding portion of my life. And permit me to say, — and this is what I wished publicly to declare, — that for this happiness I am largely indebted to the pleasant relations I have sustained to the members of the parish and the citizens of the town. I could not desire a more cordial reception than I meet with wherever I go, and whomsoever I meet in my daily walks; and, being comparatively free from domestic cares and oppressive burdens and weighty responsibilities, and almost wholly exempt from bodily pains, I feel that I have abundant reasons for contentment and gratitude; and I think I never could appropriate more fully than now the exultant strain of the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Hitherto I have experienced but few of the discomforts and annoyances commonly thought to be the inseparable concomitants of old age. But is long life desirable, — a life lengthened out beyond the prescribed boundary of threescore and ten? The Psalmist reminds us of what was unquestionably in his day the common lot, — "If by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow."

And commonly, as we must admit, — after all the lessons taught by the experience of life, such is our condition still. The term of active life — as of life itself — remains about the same as three thousand years ago. "The days of our years are threescore years and ten." There were exceptions then, and there are exceptions now. Some, who have reached and passed beyond the boundary of fourscore or fourscore and ten, have yet retained to a remarkable degree their mental and physical powers. In the language of Hebrew poetry, "Their age is clearer than noonday," and they have "brought forth fruit in their old age." After the heats of summer are over, and the fruits of autumn have been garnered, and before the winter sets in, comes that season of genial warmth represented by our "Indian summer," — when the sun is shorn of his fiercer beams, and the skies are covered with a fleecy veil, and the soft winds blow from the southwest, or even these are hushed, and there is a perfect calm.

Such gratitude may be felt even when the burden of life presses most heavily; for who is there that does not experience, in the course of a long life, more of good than of evil, more satisfactions and joys than discomforts and sorrows? There may be exceptional cases; but they are, I think, comparatively rare in a well-ordered community, — and exceptions prove the rule. And if there are some who, in a state of prolonged suffering, have come to loathe life, and who would gladly be rid of the burden of mortality, — as we know there are some who are ready to curse the day in which they were born, — to how many others, however numerous their cares, however heavy their burden, however hard their lot, — to how many is old age a rich boon, something to be thankful for, even if by reason of strength it pass the boundary of fourscore years.

There are in this small town, of a little more than fifteen hundred inhabitants, at least twenty-eight persons who have reached or passed that boundary, four of whom have attained to the great age of ninety years and upwards. Besides these I have been furnished with the names of fifty-four persons

between the age of seventy and eighty, making a sum total of eighty-two who have lived beyond the period assigned as the age of man, — the threescore years and ten. Now I ask if, on looking over this list of names, and taking into consideration the condition and circumstances of the persons represented, we can hesitate to admit that old age has been to most of them a season of comfort and tranquil enjoyment? With all its privations and bodily pains and discomforts, that it has been a blessing to themselves and a benediction to others? Some septuagenarians now with us are as active and as strong, and perform as much manual labor, as at any period of their lives. You would hardly suspect, when looking upon their healthy countenances and firmly knit muscles, that they were growing old, and on the borders of fourscore or beyond. Some retain their physical and mental powers without sensible abatement. There is perhaps less elasticity of mind and muscle, more moderation in their desires, and less interest may be felt in occupations and pursuits that once engrossed their thoughts; but labor is not irksome, food is partaken with a relish sleep is sound and refreshing, and social intercourse is enjoyed as keenly as in earlier years.

These persons had not lived an idle life, or indulged in luxurious living, or become slaves to any low appetite. For the most part they were working men and women, temperate in all their habits, temperate in all things, continuing in their work while the day lasted, and retiring only when warned by signs not to be mistaken of waning powers, and the near approach of the end that awaits us all.

And is not this a common experience, what we have often witnessed, what we may witness every day of our lives? Of the twenty-eight octogenarians in this town, how few are helpless and bedridden! Even of the four who have entered on the last decade of a complete century, it may be said that they have been, and still are to a great extent, free from disease and bodily pains, and that they retain their mental powers and social affections. So that they can hardly be said to have become burdensome to their friends, or to drag out an unprofitable and an uncomfortable life.

Still, as there is a time to be born, so there is a time to die, — a time when it should be regarded as a privilege and a boon "to shuffle off this mortal coil," and to put on the garments of immortality. And is not this a wise and merciful provision of the Great Disposer of events, — a consummation devoutly to be wished? Is it not for this issue that man was made and placed here on this earth? Is it not our hope and trust that this brief space of threescore and ten or fourscore years shall be succeeded by a higher, a nobler, an immortal life?

ANTIOPA.

At dead of night a southwest breeze
Came silently stealing along;
The bluebird followed, at break of day,
Singing his low sweet song.

The breeze crept through the old stone wall,
And wakened the butterfly there,
And she came out, as morning broke,
To float through the sunlit air.

Within this stony, rifted heart
The softening influence stole,
Filling with melodies divine
The chambers of my soul;

With gentle words of hope and faith,
By lips now sainted spoken;
With vows of tenderest love toward me,
Which never once were broken.

At morn my soul awoke to life,
And glowed with faith anew;
The buds that perish swelled without,
Within the immortal grew.

Z.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

BY J. H. MORISON.

THIS is the title of a volume of essays by O. B. Frothingham, recently published in New York by David G. Francis. The book treats of the greatest of all subjects,—God, Immortality, Bible, Providence, Power of Moral Inspiration, the Education of Conscience, &c. It may not be equal,—what work can be?—to the grandeur of its theme. It may be lacking in moral enthusiasm, in depth of insight and breadth of thought, in clearness of philosophical analysis, and the steadfast power to follow out a subject from beginning to end with logical exactness and directness. Most of all, it is wanting in the lofty inspirations and glowing emotions which enable one to see far into the realm of spiritual laws or influences, and speak of them as a prophet speaks to the souls of men. The rhetoric everywhere is brilliant. The tone of moral feeling is pure. The style is almost perfect. Perhaps one-half of the book, in its obvious meaning, might be accepted and cherished among the admired commonplaces of religion and morality.

Take these as specimens of the style,—

“And beauty, the moral type of it, will ever hold its own. The room in the Dresden gallery, where stands the Sistine Madonna alone, is always filled with visitors, men and women, from all parts of the world. They sit enchanted before the celestial vision of purity, sweetness, patience, tenderness; the mild glory wherefrom St. Barbara turns her face away for a moment, outshines all the splendors of the royal gallery, all the splendors the visitors possess or dream of, all the gauds they wear. The silence is scarcely disturbed by a whisper, never by a loud voice. The people enter and depart as if the place were a temple; many sit there by the hour, and more than once I saw tears start from the gazing eyes, and roll down worn faces, unchecked.

... “Consciences cannot thrive on theories; they must have facts, actual facts, working human relations; not the facts of personal feelings, of private emotion or sentiment, not prejudices, tra-

ditions, or inward convictions, but solid, tangible, human concerns and interests, that are involved in all human dealings, and are equally dear to all who live in the social world. Such facts are infinite in number and complexity; they are matted thickly together; they compose the substance of all hate and love; their fineness is so extreme as to make them invisible to any but the keenest eyes, and impalpable to any but the most delicate touch; they reach all the way from common utilities to subtle courtesies and amenities; from every-day customs to rarest heroisms and chivalries; from the ordinary dealings of material affairs to the intercourse of friendship and the heavenly sympathies of human beings. The homeliest of them fall in the way of the most careless observer, the most ethereal of them only seraphic eyes can see."

We should be glad to dwell on passages or qualities which commend themselves to us. But these are not what give its character and position to the book. It claims, not to be an exposition of Christian truth and morality, but something more and better; and it is on the strength of these claims that it would vindicate for itself a place among the moral and religious teachings of the day. We propose to examine some of these claims. We do not forget the many and excellent things which we hold in common with it, but lay them aside for the present to consider what it has to offer instead of Christianity. Absolute religion and absolute morality, we are told, are broader than Christianity. They include all that is true in Christianity, and a great deal more. Very likely. But where shall we find them? Where shall we find the larger, richer, freer, more life-giving truths, which are with us to take the place of Christianity? The question in this instance is not between the religion of Jesus and absolute religion as revealed in all its fullness, but between the absolute religion as revealed by Jesus Christ and the absolute religion as revealed by Mr. Frothingham. This book sits in judgment on the religion of Jesus, undermines its authority, limits its doctrines and precepts, and tells us what we are to accept in its place. The Scriptures, we are told, "are the first attempts at expression,—the spiritual primer of the faith, simple, fragmentary, incoherent, with

flashes of splendor, and exquisite touches of beauty, but no intellectual or spiritual completeness. The genius of the religion has been gaining in clearness and fullness as the centuries went by, and out of its more enlightened mind, its profounder experience, its wiser heart, its sweeter and more divinely kindled soul, strains have poured so strong and clear, so sweet and ravishing, so tender and pathetic that, compared with them, the writings of the New Testament are but as feeble, passionate utterances of a newly born soul."*

We have read Mr. Frothingham's book with care, and the more carefully we have read it, the more difficult it has been to find in it any great principles of thought and life which are to take the place of the central principles of our religion. The one passage, whose tone more than any other pervades and governs the entire thought of the work, may be found on the eighth page:—

"Among those who are counted prophets in the new dispensation, none is greater than Chemistry. It is a natural science, taking nature in its largest sense. For while in the lower material sphere it pulverizes the solid substances of the earth,—reduces adamant to vapor, and behind the vapor touches the imponderable creative and regenerating forces,—in the upper intellectual sphere it grinds to powder the mountainous institutions of man, resolves establishments into ideas, and behind the bodiless thought feels the move-

* That such a sentence as this should be written by one familiar from childhood with the words of Jesus, is an enigma difficult to solve. The language seems altogether too extravagant to be admitted even among the most exaggerated hyperboles of rhetoric. Of a similar character are the following assertions: "The New Testament contains many things we never care to read, and it closes with a wild, stormy book that is anything but edifying to the modern mind." . . . "One poem, the Apocalypse, that is curious as a piece of literature, but absolutely of no moment, and of even less than none in a religious point of view,—a book that owes its sacredness to its unintelligibleness." And yet judged by no higher standard than other works, in this book are some of the most beautiful, sublime, and affecting passages in the whole range of poetry. Such condemnation, like Voltaire's condemnation of Shakespeare and Francis Jeffrey's condemnation of Wordsworth, furnish a better criterion by which to determine the capacity of the judge than the genius of the poet.

ment of that universal mind whose action men call the Holy Spirit. . . . Faith in natural powers is the modern faith, — often unconfessed, sometimes disavowed, not seldom indignantly rejected, but constant still, — the only constant faith."

This is a most significant statement. "Among those who are accounted prophets in the new dispensation, *none is greater than Chemistry.*" "Faith in natural powers" is "*the only constant faith.*" "The man of science needs nothing more, for he lives among the living laws; he is conscious every moment of the intimate relation between himself and the subtle forces that weave the investiture of God. His finger is laid on the very pulse of creation. He holds in his hands the connecting threads of the perpetually vital cosmos. Why should he not be satisfied who dwells in the 'Real Presence'?" (p. 58.)

Here is the clue to the interpretation of the book before us. Not that it is all in harmony with this. It has its inconsistencies, — its outbursts of higher thought, here and there, to be listened to for a moment, and then pushed aside or sent away as unruly children.

No greater prophet than chemistry! No higher revelation of truth than what comes from the physical universe! The restraining, depressing influence of this dominant idea is felt everywhere: God can reveal himself to his children in no other way than through the laws and forces of physical nature. There are passages which seem at first to indicate a different sentiment, but nothing higher comes from them. "Working thus in the material world, will the same immanent force work nothing in the spiritual?" "Can the plastic powers of nature arrange the leaves with mathematical precision on the stem of a plant, change leaf into flower and flower into fruit, and is there no plastic power in the very constitution of man that can arrange the elements in human development, and from the raw material of passion and impulse create the perfect results of goodness?"

That is, God as an "immanent force" is working in human nature as he does in the material world, — revealing his laws through men as a part of the universe, but not to them as a

Father to his children. The rules and reasoning drawn from material nature are made to predominate everywhere. The philosophy and laws of matter are applied to spirit so as to bind the freedom of man and God to the same conditions as matter. Here are the fatal limitations in this "new dispensation," and they press like prison walls around every subject that is here discussed. The author, to be sure takes "Nature in its largest sense," resolves matter into spirit, and "behind the bodiless thought feels the movement of that Universal Mind whose action men call the Holy Spirit." But it is of little consequence whether we call spirit matter, or matter spirit, if the laws deduced from the observation of physical facts are made the rule and standard by which all God's dealings with his creatures and manifestations of himself to them are to be measured.

In a certain sense the whole universe is, as its name implies, one. But in another and a higher sense it is twofold. Humboldt, in closing the first volume of his "Cosmos," says, "We have thus reached the point at which a higher order of being is presented to us, and the realm of mind opens to the view: here, therefore, the physical description of the universe terminates; it marks the limit which it does not pass." In a work on religion, we expect to deal with this "higher order of being," and to see the realm of mind opening to view. As we enter this higher realm, we expect to be made acquainted with other and higher laws, and to be guided by greater prophets than those whose authority we have recognized as legitimate in their own sphere. As in physical nature we have felt the divine power immanent and working in accordance with its unchanging laws, so in the higher realm of mind we expect to find God present and revealing himself in accordance with its laws. In his relations and powers, as belonging to the realm of mind, man is a free, conscious, personal being. He recognizes the laws of truth, justice, love, and the necessity as well as the laws of moral freedom. In the realm of mind these are primary conditions of healthful being, the vital, regenerating, and conservative forces by which individuals live, and by which society is kept together and its pro-

gress secured. The one condition on which we can live and advance as moral agents, is personal freedom, — freedom of action, and of communication with one another, subject of course to the necessary limitations which belong to all finite things. As material nature is bound by unchanging laws, and God works there only in accordance with these unchanging laws, so in the realm of mind, where freedom of the individual is the condition or law without which there can be no moral qualities, we should, *a priori*, expect God to act in accordance with these higher laws of our being, communicating with us and making known to us his will as we communicate with one another. Moses is represented as speaking face to face with God. Precisely how much is meant by this is more than we can say. But that some sort of personal intercourse should exist between God and man, is what we should infer from the laws and constitution of mind itself; and this personal intercourse may range through all the degrees of intimacy which intervene between the first timid prayer of the newly awakened soul to the perfect union of soul and mind through which Jesus could say, "I and my Father are one," "that they all may be one as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."

Not that we should expect God to reveal himself to us in all his fullness; for that would be to overpower and destroy us as moral agents. Nor should we expect him to be telling us in each individual case just what we shall do; for that would be to keep us always in a state of pupilage. As Mr. Frothingham says, "Man must be free, nay, must be compelled to do his own work, without interference from spectres. The intruding God mars his own best creation. If God is at hand to perform our tasks, reform our faults, save us from the consequences of our blunders, moral discipline is at an end. If he answers questions, human wit will decay. If he makes laws, judgment will perish. If he sets boundaries, progress is stopped." To a great extent this is true, and it is a reason why special acts of divine revelation, authorizing new dispensations of truth and duty, should be granted only at distant

intervals, when the great and pressing needs of the human soul and the conditions of human progress may require it.

The real difficulty is not in answering the question why God has so often revealed himself, but why he has done it no oftener. In answering the second of these questions, Mr. Frothingham thinks he has given reasons which should prevent our believing in any special revelation from God. But such a conclusion is far broader than his premises. Constant interpositions in our behalf would indeed impair our moral faculties and make us helpless. But in times of special need may not special help be given? Reasoning from analogy, revelations of the divine mind to his children would be in accordance with the laws of our mental and moral constitutions, and what we should expect. Their frequency is the only thing that makes them seem incredible. That the foremost minds of the world should, at distant intervals, be divinely quickened to lay hold on the principles of God's moral government, and see the workings of his mind and will, and then make to those around them revelations in advance of all that had been known before, is not an unnatural or an improbable hypothesis. The great religions are enduring monuments of such revelations. Precisely how they were made, whether by the extraordinary quickening of men's faculties, or in words spoken audibly by God to man, we may not know. Different prophets speak of different methods of communications. In describing processes lying so far beyond our ordinary experiences, language must of necessity be made to bear an unusual meaning, and it is not possible for us to subject its words to a precise definition, or to say just where the literal rises into the imaginative and figurative, and where the material image tells only of a spiritual fact.

The Religion of Humanity ignores or denies altogether any such special communications. In recognizing no higher prophet than chemistry, it leaves no room for any other and more perfect revelation of God's will. In reading the Gospels, for example, all the statements which cannot be accounted for on the principles of natural science are expunged as incredible. In reviewing the great beliefs of the world in regard

to God, Providence, Immortality, no authoritative communication from higher realms of being than lies open to our common apprehension is admitted. And what are the results?

We first examine what is said about God:—

“At the heart of all religions lie certain great ideas which they make it their business to interpret. . . . They constitute the framework which the heart and soul clothe with flesh. There has never been a religion without them; it is hard to conceive that there ever should be a religion without them. Science may rule them out of its province, philosophy may decline to deal with them; but religion stakes on them its very existence. It may be that religion will one day decline and pass away, giving place to philosophy and science; but until that day comes they will hold their ancient place and command their ancient respect, exercising thought and feeling and convictions as of old. What are these ideas which science disavows, of which philosophy takes no cognizance, and which religion claims as peculiarly its own? Here are some of them: God, Revelation, Incarnation, Atonement, Providence, Immortality. There may be others, but these are vital and cardinal. These every religion interprets after its manner, but no religion has any authority to interpret them finally, or for any save its own adherents. Christianity offers an interpretation of them,—an interpretation that has stood two thousand years, and has gained the assent of the most intelligent portions of mankind,—but the interpretation of Christianity is not the sole, authoritative, or final one.” . . .

After speaking of Atheism, and of the ideas of God held by Ernest Renan, Etienne Vacherot, and Comte, Mr Frothingham continues, —

“How can a man who uses those tremendous words ‘law’ and ‘order’ hesitate to use the other tremendous words ‘cause’ and ‘God’? What is law but steady, continuous, persistent, consistent power; cumulative, urgent, regulated power; power moving along even tracks and pressing towards distinct aims; power with a past behind it and a future before; power that is harmonious, rhythmical, as he calls it himself, *orderly*. Can he conceive of such a power as unintelligent? Can he conceive of it as intelligent and purposeless? Can he conceive of it as purposeful and yet as uncausing? Does not the very word ‘force,’ as science uses it, compel the association with mind and will? And

can we think of mind and will without thinking with the same brain-throb of wisdom and goodness? It seems as if one must have completely suppressed in his memory the constitution of the human mind to help being dragged, by such overbearing words as 'law' and 'force' and 'order,' upward out of all the meshes of materialism towards the Infinite and Perfect One. It is logical precision itself that lends wings. The very stones of facts become ethereal, and float us upon the eternal sea.

"But while thus with firm and eager asseveration we declare that God is, with asseveration equally firm and resolute we declare that he is unsearchable. This is as truly, as universally, a doctrine of religion as the other. . . .

"Christian teachers have with one voice proclaimed the doctrine of a hidden God. . . .

"Every seeker brings back the same report. Science scales all heights and sounds all abysses with the same unvarying message: 'There are footprints, but He that made them could not be found.'

"Intellect takes up the quest. The designed shows the Designer. But what does the apparently undesigned show? . . . Again the hand is upon the mouth.

"The heart sends out over the waste of waters the dove of its tender feelings; but the wearied wing finds no resting place on the boundless billow. . . .

"With sturdy resolution conscience goes forth to sound the dim and perilous way. But the scent is lost amid the jungles and rocky passes of the world. . . . With the lamp of duty pressed faithfully against its bosom, it stands with bended head and waits.

"Boldest of all, the soul plumes her wings of faith for a flight to the very empyrean itself. But no voice breaks the silence, no form of creative godhead walks on the sea of glory. The soul must be content to find a home as wide as infinite thought, as warm as eternal love: but never to see the fashioner of it, never to find the soft bosom of the mother in whose breast it can nestle. She dwells in a castle of air, built by the vapors exhaled from tears, and made gorgeous by the upward-slanting light of her hope."

Is the heart satisfied, is the reason or the imagination satisfied with this unknown God? Has the Religion of Humanity no farther or better word on this momentous subject? We turn to the next chapter and read as follows:—

"The idea of revelation is primary in religion. God must reveal himself. It is as necessary as it is that water should flow or light shine or force act. It is the nature of water to flow and light to shine. He cannot remain concealed. Without expression there is no thought. Thought and expression are simultaneous. The divine being and the divine existence cannot be even contemplated separately. To be is to exist. To have life is to impart life. Thus the universe is the embodied thought of the creator. It is God's frozen breath." . . .

"God's frozen breath." Exactly that unless as seen in the light of revelations which come to us in other ways. "This symbolic revelation," our author says, "is enough for an Agassiz, a Huxley, a Darwin, a Spencer." It "is enough for a poet ; for he sees beauty everywhere." "But this high privilege of discernment is not for the many." "Hence the cry heard all over the earth for a spoken voice, an articulate word, a revelation to the ear, a message to the average mind, an intelligible communication which cannot be mistaken. Every race above the savage has its bible. Each of the great religions of mankind has its bible." "There are works of fiction by such men as Richter, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Dickens, Thackeray, Marian Evans, to name none but the best, that are more effective than the Psalms of David, or the idyl of Ruth, or parables from the great Teacher's lips, in engaging interest in the sorrows and joys, the fortunes and misfortunes, the heights and depths, of human life and character." Of course we get no further authentic knowledge of God in this chapter.

We turn next to the chapter on Providence : —

"Faith sees no difficulty in supposing a foreseeing, forecasting, forefeeling deity ; indeed it cannot rest in any other. Faith wants a bosom to lie upon, a hand to touch, a divine form to embrace, a celestial countenance smiling or pitying, a heavenly eye glancing kindness or dropping tears. But the intellect hesitates to authenticate the assertion. . . .

"A providence without intention is no providence ; if the intention completely eludes discovery, it is impossible to tell what or where the providence is. Care implies thoughtfulness, and acknowledged care implies thoughtfulness manifest and appreciated. A

capricious and imperfect providence does not meet the demand either of intelligence or faith: and providence seems capricious and imperfect, unintelligent and purposeless, as soon as our eyes are lifted from the immediate occasion that interests us to a general survey in which others besides ourselves are comprehended.

"To say that providence is incomprehensible is no answer, for that merely puts questioning off. If it is utterly incomprehensible, nothing can be affirmed or denied of it; we cannot even say that there is any such thing. Some clue to it, some key, some hint of its method, aim, purpose, a segment however small of its circle, must be given before the baldest idea of it can be formed in the mind. The divine foresight must have something in view, the divine forethought must contemplate an object: the divine feeling must tend towards definite end, else affirmation concerning them is out of the question; and whether we take a broad survey of things about us, or we run our thought over long reaches of space or time, our clue is completely lost.

"Thus logic and observation beat the personal and special providence off the ground. . . .

"Faith, however, falling back on fine generalities, refuses to abandon the problem, and science comes to the aid of faith; not of 'the faith' of any church or sect, but of rational faith. Every individual reading of providence is dismissed as irrelevant, but the order of providence is asserted. The dispersion of the clouds reveals the firmament; the removal of the scaffolding shows the proportions of the edifice. The whole universe, from mollusc to man, is shown to be an organism, every part of which belongs to every other part, — a living, breathing, growing system, slowly evolving itself, expounding, developing, with a precision and symmetry that finds its symbol in the unfolding structure of the rose or the forest tree. In this organism everything has its allotted place. It could not but be where it is, or as it is. It was foreseen and fore-determined. Every pain, every sorrow, every failure, every success, every mistake, every just calculation, every false step, every true step, the thoughts, feelings, speculations, determinations of men, efforts, checks, impulses forward, draggings backward, actions, reactions, the ebb and the flow of moral purposes, the flash and sparkle of spiritual fountains, the sinking of water in the spiritual wells, — everything comes by law, everything is under a divine necessity, strong as the ancient heavens, yet so tender that it will not brush

the bloom from a rose leaf a minute before its time, or break the bruised reed with overweight.

"Let there be no more talk of chance. . . . It would sometimes be a relief to think that there is such a thing as chance, — that there is another power playing among the affairs of the world, traversing the dread highways now and then, and breaking a path through the impenetrable thickets of law. It would be a relief to feel that there is a small crevice through which an eye of love may shoot a glance or drop a tear upon a pitying face. . . .

"It is here that the human providence comes in. The human providence supplements the divine. It is the divine care applied. The human providence is as far as it goes a special providence, and the special providence is human. Man is the directly thinking, purposing, willing, loving God. . . . The hope that God will be better to us than men are, is simply the hope that human qualities will vindicate themselves in the future ; but at present God seems no better to us than men seem ; for the quality of men, such as they are, are the only organized moral forces we know. . . .

"So far then as there is direct *foresight, forethought, forefeeling*, it is human. We cannot go behind the veil, we cannot look beyond our own faculties.

"If now we glance at the resources of providence, the actual supplies that are used for succor, benefit, consolation, we find that they are altogether human-earned, possessed, accumulated by men.

"The chief special agency of providence is *wealth*. . . .

"Though the rich man be a miser, he is none the less, though unintentionally, a providence. . . .

The distribution of all gifts is in human hands. Immediately, God distributes nothing. The almoner of all bounty, as well as the accumulator of all bounty, is man. The vast and various instrumentalities that supply mental necessities, from bodily food to spiritual consolation, are in origin, plan, arrangement, mechanism, operation, human and human only. Man devised them and man carries them on . . . Nothing more than human sympathy aided by human wit or witlessness is required to explain all that is done, or ever has been done to meet the touching sad occasions of human experience. Wherever there is help there is a human shape. There may be guardian angels, — who has a right to deny it? but if there are they are simply human beings of nimbler foot, greater leisure, of ampler knowledge, who apply human remedies rather more deftly than spirits in churlier flesh can do.

"No providence is so human that it is not divine ; no providence is so divine that it is not human. The most signal providences have a man behind them. . . . The providence that guided the 'Mayflower,' with its little company, across the wintry ocean was the determination of those few men and women to face all perils and brave death itself rather than not find a home where their souls might be at peace. Their faith was their foresight : the seeds of the harvest that was to feed the future New England and to sustain moral life at the extreme confines of the continent were stored up in the granaries of those trusting bosoms. . . .

"We complain of the inequalities of providence, but we must remember that providence, being human in special agency, though divine in spirit, shares the imperfection of its ministry. It has also the incompleteness of humanity. Defective it is and must be, because man is defective ; inorganized it is and must be, because man is inorganized. Human justice is all the justice there is ; consequently justice is but partially rendered. With human kindness and pity, such as they are, we must for the moment be satisfied ; for they are all the kindness and pity we have. The infinite love finds as yet no human expression, which is only saying, in other words, that it finds no intelligent expression at all."

Let any one with a Christian heart and faith read over the last sentences again and again, till the chime of their sad music has taken possession of him and subdued him to their own mood. What is the God who is so shut out from all our sympathies, — so bound up in the restrictions of the universe that he is powerless to sympathize with or to help his children ? Such a God, even if he have an individual, personal existence, cannot be regarded as a father. In all this book, we do not remember a single instance in which he is so designated. Indeed as we here grope through a darkness which is relieved only by the momentary scintillations of a brilliant rhetoric, we cannot find out in any satisfactory degree whether the Religion of Humanity allows us to believe in a personal God or not. Nothing relating to the higher realm of being and our connection with it seems to be certain. "It may be," we are told, "that religion will one day decline and pass away, giving place to philosophy and science."

Here is the summing up on this momentous subject, —

an unknown God, taking no interest in human concerns, and religious faith, "it may be," "will one day decline and pass away." But on what authority are these things asserted? On Mr. Frothingham's authority alone. Recognizing no greater prophet than natural science, and finding in the domain of natural science no further knowledge of God, he leaves us here in this desolate wintry region.

We turn now to an other great subject, and seek to ascertain what the Religion of Humanity has to tell us of Immortality. The discussion begins with the question, "How is it that mankind always and everywhere, with few and scattered exceptions, perhaps with no absolute exceptions, — how is it that man as man, the race of man, dreams of immortality, insists that under one form or other he shall not, cannot die?" This grand instinct of our nature which looks towards heaven and stands firmly by its convictions is here recognized at the outset; but the further we follow it the more indistinct and unsubstantial it becomes. The doctrine of annihilation is confuted. "Faith must have something to cling to; it cannot stand fixed in nothing, and annihilation is nothing." Materialism is next disposed of.

"The consciousness that holds the mental powers in association for a time may be loosed, but whatever force there is passes undiminished on. Here is a kind of immortality, an impersonal, unconscious, elemental kind, to be sure, carrying no hearty cheer, suggesting no individual promise, but it is something different from utter annihilation, the exact opposite of that in fact, — utter and inexhaustible vitality, the indestructibility of qualities, the perpetual rejuvenescence of powers. Modern science indeed cannot accept cessation. It knows no dead matter. It knows no matter in the ancient sense, and therefore it knows no death."

Then follows a long dissertation on the immortality of the race. Individuals die, but the race continues. Nay, individuals live on in those who come after them. The following paragraphs are on this point: —

"Say what we will, the dead reign over us, — not the mighty dead only, whose power is in institutions, literatures, laws, customs, and social ideas, but the forgotten dead, whose blood is in our

veins. The dead not only outnumber the living, they outweigh them. The living are the shadows, the dead are the substance. The living make the motions, the dead work the wires. The living are the masks, the dead are the beings. They shape our features, color our skin, eyes, hair. We think their thoughts, enact their wills, continue the exercise of their dominant activities. They fight for us when we are tempted, or they drag us down when we are weak; they move us to pity, or harden us to hate. We are as puppets in their shadowy hands. They are a destiny! Some strong-natured ancestor tyrannizes by his vice over generations of his descendants, shooting the arrow of destruction through their vitals, giving them cups of poison to drink which they have made the refusal of impossible. Again, some sweet-souled progenitor acts the part of a guardian angel towards sons and daughters in long succession, who feel the spirit so near that they seem to be in conscious communication with it.

"The souls of the dead, though they be unconscious, lurk in our dwellings. All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses, says the poet. Our frames are haunted houses. The chambers and secret closets of the mind are haunted. We see the spirits, though the spirits do not see us. We feel them, though they are insensible to us. Our lives are in their hands, though their hands are thinner than air."

This is very fine, and, taken in connection with our individual, personal immortality, it is "a most affecting and impressive thing." Nor is there any antagonism between the two. And yet sentences like the following do strike at the doctrine of personal immortality: "Surely no individual would think of claiming immortality for himself on private grounds. He has no roots that reach down through the world. Detach him from the traditions of his kind, pluck up his stem from the common earth, and set it down in a separate pot of clay, and the thought of his surviving the winter of death is absurd. Alone in his isolation, showing no collective life, supported by no collective sympathies, his decease is inevitable." This, it seems to us, is giving up the whole doctrine of individual immortality. In one sense, no man liveth or dieth to himself; but in another and equally important sense, unless a man lives in himself he has no life

at all, and unless in dying he lives on in himself, there is no continuous life for him, though countless millions are bound up with him in the same fate. Such arguments for immortality are fatal to the cause which they profess to sustain.

Next the claims of Spiritualism are reviewed, and the conclusion is reached that "its power as a great human faith is not established."

"Thus far, the only faith that humanity accepts, and has pledged itself to, is the faith in personal persistence after death. The modes of that existence it does not pronounce on, but the existence itself it steadily prophecies through many voices, — the commanding voice of priest, prophet, philosopher, the timid but earnest voices of the believing people. The weight of the tradition bears on this point, and the strength of it consists in the habitual faith mankind have in the substantial reality and permanency of their intellectual and moral being. This faith remains unshaken. The foremost men of science neither affirm nor deny, but simply say they do not know. They cannot prove, and they cannot disprove; their methods are unsuited to such an investigation, and they abandon it; the future life is beyond their province; at the extreme limits of the palpable domain they stand with bended head; the spiritual facts their instruments do not touch."

Then follows a perplexing passage from Tyndall about the relation of the physics of the brain to the facts of consciousness, and criticisms upon it by M. Hyppolite Taine. St. Paul's doctrine of a spiritual body, "taken up and elaborated by Swedenborg," is passed by as "a little side eddy" or "eccentricity." "The movement of moral tradition confines itself to the tract of moral experience," and that throws no light on the future. "The idealist who plants himself sturdily on the facts of the moral nature," "uttering prophecies from the height of his hope," says, "If God could make me out of a shell, he can make an angel out of me. If my body be a resurrection from the grave of a trilobite, something finer than enters its own tomb may come out. If clay has mounted into my soul, how high shall my soul mount?" To this Mr. Frothingham replies, "This sounds very much like rhapsody, but it is merely the rhapsodical form of a common-

place persuasion. They that live in their affections will not believe that they are perishable. Tennyson cannot feel that his friend is gone. The mother who puts her child in the ground has a persuasion of the organic vitality of the bond that unites them which no argument will dispel. It may be feeling, but feeling is the larger and stronger part of nature, and it insists on being heard."

"To the believers in the doctrine of evolution,"—and the author we suppose belongs to this school,—“faith in personal immortality becomes exceedingly dim and difficult. The notion of soul germs being discarded, and the assumption of a spiritual nature attested by consciousness being dismissed, he is at a loss to find a ground upon which to build a hope.”

“The more we look into the origin of the belief in conscious immortality, test the supports on which it has been made by its defenders to rest, sift the materials that compose it, scrutinize the characters of the people who entertain it, measure the reach of the anticipation by the minds that cherish it,—in a word, sound the reasonableness of the hope,—the more we wonder that it should ever have been fostered, that it should ever have taken root. To hold such a belief seems the height of audacity. The visible proofs against it are so numerous and so strong, the improbabilities are antecedently, in the multitude of cases, so overwhelming, and especially in the case of those who hold it most stubbornly, that its mere existence becomes one of the problems of history. The audacity of the belief favors it; its wildness is its guarantee. Were it more reasonable, it would be more questionable.”

We have taken great pains to give the substance of this remarkable discourse. The author does not say whether he himself believes in personal immortality or not. Our inference, from a careful study of his language, is that he looks upon it as a problem yet unsolved, but with the probabilities rather preponderating on the affirmative side. His closing words are oracular and non-committal:—

“If there be a religion of humanity, a religion that rests its authentication on the basis which humanity furnishes, draws from humanity its inspiration, consults humanity for its principle, adopts,

on the whole, the confession that humanity has most persistently made,—if there be a religion of humanity, as distinct from a science of humanity, it must make account of such organic beliefs as this, and use them for humanity's welfare. . . . Let us add that the greatest souls are great through their humanity, and bequeath their great hopes to it; that the noble minds are so only as they express humanity; their nobleness falls back to enrich the common soil from which they grew, and in which every plant and flower of faith has its root."

Here, then, we are left in doubt or ignorance respecting the two greatest subjects which can present themselves to the human mind. Our God is an unknown God, with no messages or offices of love for us,—a law, a living force in nature,—and our personal immortality is a dark and awful problem, suggested by the deepest and strongest instincts of the soul, and getting no assurance and no light, but rather perplexity and darkness, from this Religion of Humanity. Old views and thoughts and reasons are undermined or taken away, and nothing substantial is given as a substitute for them. Our daily bread is taken from us, and not even a stone is given to supply its place. A book on religion which leaves us so in the dark as to these two momentous subjects cannot help us much, however it may be enlivened and adorned by the charming graces of its style. Fine sentences, in a book leading to such conclusions, are like the flowers with which the victim is crowned, and which serve only to divert our thoughts a little from the fatal blow which we know is soon to fall. With no Father in heaven to look up to as the source of life and love, and no immortality to look forward to as the glorious issue out of all our experiences here, we are bereaved in our highest affections and our grandest hopes. That which gives its most affecting charm to beauty by making it immortal, and that which lends its highest inspiration to the heart by associating it with the eternal love, are wanting, and bereavement and desolation, or insensibility and indifference, leave their fatal mark on everything around us.

Let us look at these same subjects from a Christian point

of view. God's universal and unchanging providence in the grand order of the physical universe is recognized as moving on with no interruption or variation. There is no capricious or partial dispensation. He causes his rains to descend on the just and the unjust. When the tower is ready to fall, he does not interfere to save the good men who may perish under it. Jesus prays, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" but he does not expect the laws of the universe to be changed in his behalf, and finds his comfort and strength in giving up his will to the will of God. Everything is seen by him as having its being in God,—the grass of the field which God so clothes, the ravens which he feeds, the sparrows, not one of which falls to the ground unnoticed by him, faithful ones who put their trust in him while they serve and obey him, sinful ones who turn to him in penitence and ask to be forgiven. All is done in accordance with the orderly administration of his laws. The special sympathy and care which he extends to those who especially need and ask for it is as much in accordance with his universal laws, as is the special growth which he gives to seeds that are planted in good ground and watched and tended with especial care. Are not these views of the divine Providence more in harmony with the laws of nature, and the highest laws of our being, than those which confine his action substantially to the conditions and forces of the material universe? Is not man, in his intellectual and moral freedom, in the exercise of all gentle, true, and disinterested affections, more appropriately the mirror in which to behold some faint image of the divine mind than suns or stars? Is not the expression "our Father in heaven" one which approves itself to our highest reason as indicating the truest, as well as the most tender and affecting, conception of God ever given to the mind of man? There is nothing in the legitimate conclusions of science that does not harmonize with these Christian ideas of God and his relation to us. God is not only a force in nature, propelling it everywhere in accordance with the laws by which he acts upon it, but he is also a spirit answering to the spirits with which he endowed us when he created us in

his own image, and in our perplexities, our helplessness, our longings for higher truth and a better life, we can ask his sympathy and help, sure that it will be granted, though always in accordance with the laws which regulate the intercourse of mind with mind.

Independently of the authority of Christ, this view of God and Providence has far more to commend it to the reason, and all our higher wants and faculties, than that which is presented in the work before us; and while it is equally in harmony with the highest teachings of science, it is more in harmony with the highest teachings of philosophy, inasmuch as it recognizes in God the highest intellectual and moral attributes, — absolute freedom, wisdom, justice, holiness, love, and mercy, of which only the slightest mention is made in the Religion of Humanity, which says, "Human justice is all the justice there is." "The infinite love finds as yet no human expression, which is only saying, in other words, that it finds no intelligent expression at all."

Jesus speaks of life — the spiritual, eternal life — as freed from mortal limitations. He hardly recognizes death except when he would accommodate his speech to the imperfect conceptions of those around him. "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." The present life involves its future continuance. There is no doubt or shadow resting upon the subject. The [to us] unseen world is to him as much real and present as that which his disciples see before them. The God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob is "a God not of the dead, but of the living; for all live unto him." Nothing obscured apparently even for a moment this vision of the eternal life. Amid the agonies of the cross, he calmly said to the guilty one suffering by his side, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." In man he recognized the capacity for a divine, immortal life, beginning now with the new birth, through the higher affections, into his spiritual kingdom. "He who heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath eternal life, . . . is passed from death unto life." There are no curious speculations, no subtleties of thought or speech, but a recognition of the deep, immortal wants

and capabilities of our nature, and the provision which has been made for them without regard to the limitations of time and sense. By living in harmony with the precepts of divine truth and love, by cherishing now in our hearts the divine, transcendent life of the soul in union with the spirit of God, we shall be raised above the domain of death, and never die. Mr. Frothingham has not brought forward a single fact that conflicts with this grand, uplifting, and unquestioning faith. Why then does he not accept it? Why pass off upon us in its place the poor, halting, doubting, vacillating statements which he has given? "Where are your proofs?" he may ask. We are not arguing about proofs now. The Religion of Humanity does not deal in proofs. In his teachings Jesus appealed to the deepest, strongest instincts of the soul.

He did not prove the existence of God. God himself had done that when he created man in his own image, and made the belief in himself almost a necessity to his healthful being. Neither did he prove man's personal immortality. He took it for granted as among the original and universal instincts or beliefs of our nature, to which fact Mr. Frothingham also testifies. Jesus does not prove it; but separates it from low and unworthy associations, and shows how it is to be cherished by a faithful, holy, loving obedience, till it becomes a vital, all-pervading power within us, carrying its own assurance with it as it gains dominion over us and diffuses its quickening energies through our highest faculties. As love is its own witness to the soul in which it lives and asks no other evidence of its existence, so the soul which lives in God by holiness and love is conscious of powers which rise beyond the reach of mortality, and over which the vicissitudes that fall upon the body can have no dominion.

"But this sort of evidence," it may be said, "is only for those who live within the pale of Christian experience and are familiar with its methods and processes. It can have no weight with those who are outside." So the demonstrations of geometry are only for those within, the adepts who are familiar with its methods. Those who have not studied it must be content to receive its truths on the authority of those

who have. Even the revelation of God's existence, on which our author dwells with so much earnestness, "requires a sensitive and trained perception, such as only the few possess." "The high privilege of discernment is not for the many. To the many nature is a blank. It discloses nothing." The teachings of the few are accepted by the many on the authority of the distinguished masters and hierarchs of science.

And so in regard to those who have not entered into its deepest experiences, or who have not "the sensitive trained perceptions, such as only the few possess," the truths of Christianity must appeal at first not so much to their reason and the moral and religious instincts which are yet undeveloped in them, as to their sense of the deference and credence which are due to the great prophetic minds who have been accepted as masters and teachers of religious truth. Foremost among these, appealing to the reason, the conscience, the heart and to all that is deepest, holiest and highest in man's nature, is the commanding presence of Jesus, with his word, his deeds and his life. We approach him as he is revealed to us in the gospels. We follow him in his daily walk. We see the works of love and mercy which he wrought. We sit at his feet and hear his word. We are with him in all the great emergencies of life, in his temptations and his victory over them, amid the throngs who press upon him, and who recognize his wonderful ascendancy over them, when he withdraws from them and goes up into the mountain by himself alone to pray, or when in another mountain the veil of sense which hides from us the presence of spiritual beings is withdrawn and he is seen conversing with Moses and Elias, the mighty prophets of former dispensations, respecting the decease which he is to accomplish at Jerusalem. We are with him at the last supper, in Gethsemane, at the judgment hall, and witness the more than kingly dignity with which he bears himself there when he says to Pilate, "My kingdom is not of this world." We follow him to the cross. We meet him on the morning of the resurrection. We stand with the disciples to hear his last commands, and with them gaze after him when a cloud receives him out of their sight.

Wonderful indeed to our apprehension are these manifestations, and yet perhaps most wonderful of all in their consistency and naturalness,—in the marks of truthfulness which pervade the different narratives and unite to bring before us through them all one individual mind and life. Such purity and exaltation of soul, and such humility, a nature so alive on every side, such a consciousness of God's presence and his love, such an insight into the laws of the universe, such a "vision" of the divine agencies and agents which are doing his will, and all so in harmony with the recognized and orderly methods of the divine action! There is no break or disturbance to mar the simplicity of his life, or disturb the fitting sequences of events. Deeds which those around him called miraculous were not so regarded by him. They were only his spontaneous acts, proceeding from a power which was on a level with his daily thought and consciousness of strength. He lives in the laws of God, and speaks and acts from his own personal knowledge of them. He lives in the mind and heart of God, and speaks from his own consciousness of what they are revealing to him. He looks at what is to us an isolated act, and with rapid intuitions tracing it back to its source and forward to its consequences he sets it before us, an exposition and illustration of some great law of the divine economy. By his keen powers of moral insight and spiritual vision, he fills out what is wanting in our conceptions. He sees in the lily the creative hand of God. He sees the divine love turned with infinite compassion to notice the falling sparrow. He sees, in the capabilities of a human soul, powers which demand for their fulfillment other opportunities than can be found in our narrow experiences here, and so, to his mind, the future life is bound up already in the present, as the flower which is quickened now with the showers of April was bound up in the last summer's germs.

Here is a grand historical personage, whose birth made an epoch in the world's history, and whose moral power has for eighteen centuries been moulding by a higher ideal the hearts and souls of those who have been greatest among men. The acts, the life, the teachings, are all on the same plane and in

harmony with one another. There is no straining after effect. There is the most perfect ease and naturalness. All the marks and evidences of truthfulness and honesty and of a most searching and living reality are here. Why shall we put these substantial, hearty, significant, harmonious and uplifting views of God and immortality aside, and accept in their place the faltering, unsubstantial guesses of a work like that before us?

What is there in the facts as stated in the Gospel, beyond their infrequency, which should make them seem to us incredible? "They are miraculous." It becomes all careful seekers after truth to beware of humbugs, even when they are created and employed by those who profess to hold them in the greatest abhorrence. The dread of miracles is one of these humbugs got up and used with strange effect by men who ought to have no such unreasonable fears, and who ought to know better than to work by means of such apprehensions. For what is a miracle? It is an act which transcends our experience, our knowledge or conception of what it is possible to do. But is *our* experience, our knowledge or our conception of what is possible the limit which no one can ever pass beyond? No scientific man will make such an assertion as that. Why then should such acts as are attributed to Jesus seem to us things incredible? "They are not in the order of nature." How do we know that? "The resurrection body of Jesus," says Mr. Frothingham, "has been fading into shadow of late years, and is now attenuated to an apparition; the supposition that it may have been even a spectre is dissolving, and giving place to the notion that it was perhaps an optical illusion, a fancy, or a wish; chemistry has reduced the corporeal part to vapor, past resurrection." Chemistry cannot detect or explain the primary element or principle of life in a single seed. It cannot understand how the grain of corn which has been lying, apparently lifeless, in an Egyptian pyramid, thousands of years, may now rise into a new life when planted in the ground. And till it can explain so simple a fact as this, connected with what seems to be only a material body, it becomes it to be modest in assigning limits to the possibility of even a bodily resurrec-

tion. We fall back on the unanswerable argument used by St. Paul against those who, from the plane of the senses or of a materialistic science, asked incredulously, "How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?" "Thou foolish one, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die, and as to what thou sowest, not the body that is to be dost thou sow, but a naked kernel of wheat or any other grain, and god gives it a body as he wills (that is, according to his law), and to every seed its own body. . . . So also is the resurrection of the dead. . . . It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." But this doctrine of a spiritual body, we are told, "is only an eddy or an eccentricity." Suppose that it is so. That does not touch at all the argument which is drawn from a seed, rising by powers which science cannot detect, through death into *another form of life*, and which thus becomes an unanswerable confutation of those who, from the plane of material science, deny the *possibility* of the resurrection, in a spiritual body, through death into a higher form of life.

Facts long admitted, and of so substantial a character as to change and re-mould the civilization of the world, are not to be conjured out of existence by any such small talk as this about chemistry. The resurrection of Christ, in its momentous bearings, is not to be adjudicated upon and proved or disproved by chemical processes! Chemistry, "even in its largest sense," cannot recognize the advent of geniuses like Shakespeare, or furnish any clue by which we may understand the character of Hamlet, or the wild, distempered, sublime passion of Lear, or the surpassing beauty and loveliness of Cordelia? How, then, about the possibilities connected with a mind, a character, and life like those of Jesus?

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

A depth of moral insight, powers of spiritual apprehension and comprehension, far beyond what we find in this Religion of Humanity, are needed to determine what may be possible

to one who is born into the largest aspirations and inspirations, hopes, experiences, affections, and intuitions that can belong to a man in the fullness of all his powers, when united as Jesus was with God by the perfect surrender of his own will and mind to the mind and will of God. Science claims no jurisdiction here.

The chapter on Christ is one of the most curious and striking in the book before us. It begins as follows: "The question for discussion now is that of the Christ,—not the Christ of Christianity, *that has been talked threadbare*." We join issue with the author on this point, and aver that his assertion is entirely untrue. Old speculations on the nature and office of Christ, hundreds of them, have been worn threadbare, and are now consigned to oblivion. But the great central, living personality, from which they drew whatever of vitality and interest they had in their day, has lost nothing of the freshness and power which have been associated with it in past ages. The meaning of that life, at once so entirely human and divine, the principles of Christian truth and duty which come from it with ever-increasing vitality and power, as in the progress of civilization they are taken up into the thought and life of the purest and greatest minds of the world, show in the Christ of Christianity a depth and affluence of life like the fertility of the valleys of the Nile and the Mississippi, which shall bloom and bear their fruits as long as seed-time and harvest shall continue. This it is that gives such an interest even to dull and prolix volumes like those of Strauss, and causes hundreds of thousands of readers to hang with glowing enthusiasm or tearful emotions over so incomplete and superficial a book as Renan's "Life of Jesus." So full of life was Jesus, and so fitted to impart it, that virtue comes from it into those who so much as touch the hem of his garment. The book before us bears unconscious witness to this fact. When, amid its finished sentences with their steel-like polish, we feel a sensation of warmth, we find it in passages which in tone and substance borrow their inspiration from the gospel narratives. The chapters on Christ, on Atonement, on Power of Moral In-

spiration, and Moral Ideal, would be vapid and insignificant if separated from everything that flows into them from "the Christ of Christianity."

Take two examples :—

"Hitherto in Christendom the source of moral inspiration in the multitude of mankind has been the personal Christ. High spirits have drawn from higher springs. Some exalted souls in and out of Christendom have been filled and fed from the perennial fountains of their own abounding hearts. Their beautiful visions have been interior ; on the throne of their private conscience sat their inspiring deity. But the multitude of mankind have looked for moral support to the Christ alone. Let us never fail to appreciate the significance, or to do justice to the weight of that conception. It was a saving conception, a source of moral regeneration for centuries. Let us place it before us for a moment, and consider the elements of its power.

"The vision of an absolutely sinless character ; this was the first element of a human being, circumstanced and conditioned like other human beings, sharing the ills of their mortality, like them exposed to poverty, hunger, fatigue, and whatever else miserable people in miserable times have put upon them, yet sweetly, patiently, uncomplainingly, gratefully bearing it all ; wounded without crying, deserted without hating, tempted without falling, his life a perpetual rebuke to all the rest of his fellow-men, a miracle of human character yet made of the same stuff that the cheapest of human characters are made of ; a standing reproach and a standing glory to the race ; shaming the worst, illustrating, confirming, immortalizing the best that humanity is capable of,—this was the first element of power in this marvelous conception ; an imaginative conception, mainly, an ideal, as we say, but somehow so artfully associated, so intimately identified, in fact, with an historical person that its entire reality was not, could not be, doubted.

"This being, so transcendently fine, so godlike, so exempt from mortal responsibility, it would seem, lives, toils, dies, not in the pursuit of riches or power or fame, but that the lost of his kind, those with whom he could have no natural sympathy, those who must have been disagreeable, repulsive, loathsome to him, might be rescued from their worse than wretchedness. He sets an example not of goodness merely, but of disinterested, devoted, self-sacrificing goodness. The lesson of his character and career is not

'do as you would be done by,' but 'do as humanity prompts,' 'live for others,' cast every form of selfishness aside, never think of yourself at all, not even of your spiritual self, not even of your soul, but give up all you have and are to the well-being of your fellow-creatures. Make no account of suffering; reckon death as nothing in consideration of their need. 'The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many.' 'Being in the form of God, he made himself of no reputation, took on himself the form of a servant, humbled himself, and became obedient unto death.' This is the second element of power.

"One more step, and a most important one. This being was not presented to mankind as a *historical* person, who lived indeed, but in the remote past; who was visible, but through the mist of ages; who toiled and wrought and suffered, but hundreds of years ago; who died, but had long been in peace. He was presented as a still existing, a still living, feeling, working, sympathizing person, glorified but compassionate, heavenly but present, sitting at the right hand of God, but none the less watching with interest deep as ever the conduct of those for whom he bled,—the perpetual Saviour, the constantly thoughtful, anxious, encouraging, rebuking, regenerating Christ. Let that thought sink in."

... "But if we look deeper we perceive that the early believers felt an essential identity of their nature and the divine. They felt as religious men have always felt, as devout minds feel now, that there was a point where the divine and the human met and mingled; that when God expressed himself perfectly, it must be in the form of humanity; that when man rose to his full spiritual stature he took on heavenly attributes. They were conscious of a divinity within them; they were compelled to think of divinity as having a human heart in its bosom. Are not finest qualities equally characteristic of the human and the divine? The love of purity and truth, reverence for justice, sympathy, compassion, the soul of holiness, the heart of pity,—are they not common to both? God is most godlike when he shows justice, compassion, forgiveness. Man is most manlike when he exhibits the same. In love of that beneath them both are greatest. In moments of exaltation pious souls seemed to lose the sense of limitation in the absorbing nearness of the supreme being; in their hours of humility they seemed to float on the bosom of the boundless sea; in their moments of aspiration they launched out on a sea of light. God was all in all.

This consciousness of intimacy between man and deity struggles after expression in the doctrine of the deity of Christ. The typical man was God. The revealed God was ideal man. Too modest to affirm this truth of all mankind, too timid to claim it for any but the very best, the Christians confined the privilege to one, but that one stood for all, vindicated the truth for all, was the symbol to which all could look, the demonstration to which all could appeal. The statement it conveyed was clumsy, and is obsolete ; but the truth is one of the grandest ever entertained by mankind."

Mr. Frothingham's idea of Christ may best be gained from his own language :—

"Humanity is the highest known form of organized existence. The head of the created universe is man ; the supreme power culminates in him ; and the soul of man is his humanity, his pure human quality, not his intellect, his genius, his imagination, but his moral character, the sum of his sentiments, dispositions, purposes, will. The race has demanded a deity with affections ; heart and flesh cry out for a living God who sympathizes with human kind, dwells among them, teaches, guides, consoles them, bears their burdens, shares their sufferings, heals their diseases, removes their infirmities, blesses them, serves them, forgives their sin, promises them felicity, opens the way for them to paradise ; a God who by his teaching confirms truth, by his conduct vindicates justice, by his example shows the intrinsic beauty and the priceless worth of virtue ; a God who represents, illustrates, glorifies the traits that belong to all men and women simply as human beings, without regard to condition or endowment ; who is not so much *a* man as Man.

"No individual who ever lived, or ever will live, fills out the measure of this portraiture. Jesus certainly did not. . . .

"The Christ of the Christian theology is not the Jesus of the Gospels, but a purely ideal person, a conception, an imagination, an intellectual vision, a splendid spiritual dream. The Christ of Paul, who started the conception, was not *a* man, but *the* man, nor *the* man only, but the ideal man, the possible man, the spiritual man, — that is, the soul of humanity. . . .

"Nothing less than all the humanity there is in the race meets the conditions of a doctrine of incarnation. . . .

"See how perfectly the Christ of Humanity, the Christ who is the human in humanity, fills out the idea and discharges the func-

tion of the Christian Christ. He satisfies our conception of an eternal being, for we can assign to him no beginning and we can prophecy for him no end. Time is only one of his ideas. There were ages on ages when the manifestation of him was exceedingly dim and doubtful, when he existed only in possibility, but so he did exist, a capacity and prophecy of something undeveloped. . . .

"The Christ of Humanity has a legend as complete as that written in the New Testament. His birth is veiled in mystery: he seems not to have been born as we are. . . . He is transfigured on the mount as he holds communion with the celestial forms of thought that float in glory in the upper regions of his mind. The inward voice comforts and cheers; the heavy clouds float away like white doves, and he comes back to his uncongenial earth to make the powers of disease and insanity flee away before him. He suffers from the pain of thankless toil; he sorrows under misunderstanding, abuse, desertion; he has his agonies in Gethsemane when he seems to be abandoned by all men, forsaken even by his own diviner self, and he weeps such tears as are said to have poured from Jesus' eyes. . . . This Christ verily rose from the dead, not once, but many times; for humanity cannot die, but gains new vigor from all attempts to crush it. It is glorified, exalted, to be an object of adoring contemplation, set high in heaven amid heavenly things, ranked with supreme creative powers, worshiped as what indeed it is, — the source of moral inspiration.

"The Christ of Humanity is the Saviour, the physician of bodies and souls. He cures our sicknesses, expels our demons, strengthens our infirmities, works miracles of healing. He restores sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf; he makes the lame walk; he cleanses the defiled; he quickens the dying, raises the dead; he opens the prison-house, gives liberty to the captives, lightens the burdens that press on the poor and miserable. . . . He has gone into the wilderness in search of stray sheep; he has pursued the moral leper into his desolated haunts among the graves; he has spent himself, worn himself out, literally died in poverty and outward wretchedness, in order that the mission of brotherly love might be accomplished through him. He is the glorious company of the philosophers; he is the noble army of reformers and philanthropists; he is the holy band of the wise in heart who counsel, warn, admonish, and console the world.

"Humanity, taken in its most comprehensive sense, is but a reflection after all of deity. . . .

"Between the Unsearchable One and imperfect beings, the Christ of Humanity perpetually mediates, passing down to the low places the light of regenerating influence, leading up the weak and timid souls to the mountain-top whence they may behold diviner forms and hear more celestial voices than come to them in their ordinary lives. He touches both extremes: his earthly lot associates him with lowliness and poverty, his character allies him with translated and immortal spirits. The true Christ reaches all heights and sounds all deeps. He eats with sinners and communes with Moses and Elias. There is a stain on his mortal birth, yet he dwells in heaven.

"That humanity needs a Christ will not here be argued: we may take its own word for that. . . . The need of the Christ may have called into being the philosophy of the Christ. But if this were so, the need must have been for a real Christ, a true incarnation in flesh and blood living among men, and this Christ could have been no other than the greatest souls among themselves, the best they knew, whether that best were near them or far off. These they transfigured and translated; their name they conjured by; in their name they worshiped. The Christ was precious for what he represented, rather than for what he was. He glorified common qualities; he set the seal on principles that all share; he made illustrious the spirit of goodness that has its lowly, retired shrine in every heart; he placed the candle of the individual conscience by the side of the sun, and set each sparkle of humanity in the firmament as a star. He is the symbol of that essential human nature which is the Messiah cradled in the bosom of every man."

Our readers will agree with us in thinking this very beautiful and very remarkable language. The image placed before us is wholly an ideal one. It has no foundation in fact. It is elaborated with great skill. Whatever of life and power it has is borrowed from its association with the historical Christ. Without that it is only a make-believe affair, reminding us of the elaborate baby-houses that we sometimes see, made up with so much care, of such costly materials, with such elaborate workmanship, and yet there is only a doll as the central object of all this outlay of time and skill and money. A living child, in the plainest apartment and dress, more deeply touches us, and lends a deeper human

interest, than this sumptuous show of elegance, which, with all its pains-taking, only makes us feel more sadly the want which it is intended to conceal. Very beautiful, very touching, very impressive and inspiring these pictured forms, if only the living Christ were here to fill them out, and make them alive with his benignant thought and presence. Then every one of these sentences would be instinct with life and meaning. Otherwise they fall, and are helpless and lifeless, with no power to fulfill the promise which they seem to make.

And here is a want which reaches through the whole book, — a want of hearty reality, a failure to come home to the warm, living affections, hopes, beliefs, and experiences of the soul. We feel this particularly in the chapter on the Power of Moral Inspiration. The two central precepts of Christ, love to God and love to man, include all that is sought after here, and bring to bear upon our daily lives a warmth of affection, a definiteness of purpose, a breadth of thought, a steadfastness of aim, and a sense of human love and the all-embracing love of God, which seem to us wholly wanting here.

In "The Education of Conscience," the author doubts whether "there be any such faculty as conscience, any such endowment as a moral sense." Because men make mistakes in their moral decisions, therefore they cannot have "any such endowment as a moral sense." But a moral sense does not imply infallibility in its decisions. We have the sense of sight. But the eye needs to be educated. It often misleads us. We draw wrong inferences from what we see. We may judge that an object seen is only a mile distant, when it really is a hundred miles from us. But ten thousand such mistakes furnish no evidence that we have not the faculty of sight. So we have the sense of right and wrong. But we must train and educate it. From our imperfect knowledge of facts, in many cases, we may decide wrongly in regard to their moral character. That is a proof of our ignorance, but not of the lack of a moral sense.

We should be glad to dwell longer on this and other parts

of the book. It is very brilliant. Sometimes its discussions have seemed to us like the fireworks which we see in a dark night on the Fourth of July, — rocket after rocket going up all ablaze, throwing out its shoots and dissolving balls of light, and then sinking into darkness. These greatest of all themes, relating to our moral, spiritual, and immortal well-being, are tossed up in brilliant coruscations of light, but grow more and more obscure as we follow them, till they sink out of our sight, and we know not where to find them. An unknown God, a doubtful and hazy immortality, a Christ who vanishes out of the world of real existences into the realm of imaginative personifications, no sense of right in the soul of man, and no ideal of the perfect man made real, Providence rising above matter to act in our behalf only as a human Providence, — these are not views to exhilarate and strengthen us. They are not fitted to arm us with new courage in the great warfare of life, nor to refine and cherish in us the affections which unite us in living sympathy with man and God, and throw the warmth and sanctities of heaven around us in our earthly homes and our daily lives. The telescope is taken from us, and in its place the microscope is given. Instead of the Christian faith, which by a divine alchemy, through faithful and devout living, was to transmute us into heavenly beings, "being transformed into the same image from glory to glory," we are allowed to recognize no greater prophet than chemistry, which reduces every known substance, even the spiritual body of Christ, "to vapor, past resurrection."

In this article we have purposely abstained from all consideration of evidences. We place "The Religion of Humanity," in its most important features, side by side with the Religion of Jesus, that they may be estimated according to their own inherent and comparative merits. Which of the two appeals most effectively to the reason? Which opens to us the broadest field for the exercise of our highest powers? Which reveals to us the grandest views of the mind and character of God, the duties and destiny of man, and the relation of man and God to one another? Which offers to

us the motives, encouragements, and helps best fitted to enlarge, to purify, to refine and elevate our intellectual, moral, and spiritual faculties, and enable us most truly to fulfill the great, far-reaching purposes of life? Which is best fitted to emancipate us from the dominion of the senses, and from all narrowing prejudices? Which is most in accordance with the laws of our mental and moral constitution? Which answers most truly to the hopes and convictions which lead men to give themselves to every generous, self-denying, and persevering effort for the good of humanity? On all these points we cannot but see an immeasurable superiority on the side of Christianity, especially in the larger liberty into which it would lead us. The freedom which is emphasized so vehemently by our Free Religionists is more in name than in substance. Philosophy and science are a poor substitute for "the truth that makes us free," when by their subtle limitations they bind us down to the laws of matter, and deny the possibility of any open communication between God and man.

EASTER SUNDAY.

[Read April 13, 1873, to the children of the Chelsea Unitarian Sunday School by their pastor, Rev. J. B. Green.]

LISTEN, children, I will tell
 What to Mary's Son befell,
 By the wicked powers of hell,
 On the Mount of Calvary;
 And how he, by power from heaven,
 Rose, the bonds of death all riven,
 And made glad his own eleven, —
 Saved them from fear's slavery.

And how he to-day may save
 From the terrors of the grave,
 And the timid heart make brave

To face the Fell Destroyer,
Let me tell you, children dear ;
Lend me an attentive ear ;
And may every heart now here
Be touched with heavenly fire.

Going about and doing good,
Feeding souls with heavenly food,
Teaching human brotherhood, —
Thus he spent his energy.
Simple-hearted fishermen
Eager heard his story, then
Left their nets and followed, when
Jesus sought their fealty.

Some loved more, and some loved less ;
Some expected power and place,
Sought it, too, with bland address,
Dazed with dreams of royalty.
But a king of truth was he,
Born to set the nations free,
With that glorious liberty
Found in Christian loyalty.

One among the chosen few
(Once a blameless child like you),
Tempted, loved the good and true
Less than self-aggrandizement.
Then the weak and wicked man,
Basely yielding, laid a plan,
Giving Christ, the Son of man,
For a price, to punishment.

Jesus knew the base design
In the heart of Judas then,
But with heroism divine
Calmly trusted Providence.
Called the chosen round the board, —
Judas, too, sat next the Lord, —
Jesus, faithful, spoke the word
Given him, with confidence.

Pointedly the charge he made ;
Sought the garden's midnight shade,
Where in agony he prayed
Thrice for God's deliverance.
"Father take this cup away,"
Thrice did Jesus earnest pray,
"But between us, Father, may
There never be a severance."

Peter, James, and John were there,
But they slept, and heard no prayer,
Burdened they with fear and care,
And dreading some disaster.
Judas with his band appears,
Armed with swords and staves and spears, —
Such might well arouse the fears
Of such a peaceful Master.

Love in him all fear allayed ;
He sees the whole undismayed ;
Judas' murderous band arrayed
For mischief well appointed.
Not in strife, in case they miss ;
Where is baseness like to this, —
Judas with a treach'rous kiss
Betrays the Lord's anointed ?

Brief the tale, but sad to tell,
What to Jesus soon befell,
When the powers of earth and hell
Combined to end his teaching.
Scourged and mocked in Pilate's hall
("Oh the wormwood and the gall"),
Patiently he bore it all,
With silent, sad beseeching.

Veil our faces to the sight
Of the Lord of life and light
Bearing death, for truth and right,
That *we* might all be holy.

Scattered now his friends, in gloom ;
Unexpected came this doom ;
Now is laid within the tomb
The Saviour meek and lowly.

Darkness o'er the earth was cast ;
Stoutest hearts stood then aghast,
When the bitter Jews at last
Cruel slew the Lord of glory.
But they little knew the power
Given him that appointed hour :
Soon before him now shall cower
Oppression old and hoary.

Truth and love cannot be slain ;
Jesus comes to life again,
King of death and life, to reign,
Immortal reign, forever.
Quick as thought the story flew,
Thrilled each heart with joy anew ;
Now they feel the Good and True
No power can from them sever.

Faithful to the Lord they cling,
Other converts to him bring,
Make the hills and valleys ring
With anthems to his glory.
So the blessed work goes on ;
Christ no longer is alone,
Soon will all be made his own,
So winning is the story.

Joy becomes our hearts to-day,
Cast all gloom and fear away,
Hear the Spirit to us say,
"Come, follow Christ to glory."
Children, open wide your hearts,
Banish all deceitful arts,
Cherish in your inmost hearts
The sweet and sacred story.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY THE EDITOR.

EASTER.

WE believe in the annual commemoration of our Saviour's resurrection from the dead. We would have it celebrated as the most significant and joyful event in the history of our race. We would have it associated with what is most beautiful and inspiring, — with flowers and music, with acts and emblems of gladness and religion. But there is always danger lest the emblem should be made more conspicuous than that for which it stands, and our thoughts be diverted from the great spiritual fact by the imposing and superabundant symbols which hide what they are intended to reveal. There is always a tendency to excess in whatever is got up to produce a sensation, and, whatever form it may assume, its influence is not one of unmingled good. We cannot therefore speak with unmingled satisfaction of the way in which, through the newspapers of the previous day, attention was called to the floral and musical attractions which would be found in some of our principal churches on Easter Sunday. It savored too much of the theatre and the opera. The special show, the special attraction of particular performances and particular artists, were brought forward in such a manner as to push out of sight the great and solemn lesson of the day. We select a few sentences from "The Advertiser," of April 12: —

"To-morrow the decorations at the Church of the Advent will be confined to the altar and its immediate surroundings. The altar will be vested in white and gold. Large quantities of Easter Annunciation lilies, white and crimson camellias, roses, and other flowers will be arranged on the super-altar, rising gradually to the foot of the cross. The other ornaments will consist in the number and arrangement of lights on and around the altar, surmounted by a canopy twenty feet high, decorated with greens, flowers, and silk hangings."

And then follows a programme of the music, with the names of composers and performers.

"At the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Harrison Avenue, there will be two services, for which special music has been prepared, — in the morning at half-past ten and in the evening at half-past seven. The choir will number thirty voices besides the soloists, who are: first soprano, Mrs. Lewis; contralto, Miss Annie Flynn; alto, Miss Mary Cloney; tenor, G. D. W. Lennon; and bass, George Lloyd. The orchestra numbers twenty-two instrumentalists, under the baton of P. S. Gilmore, — two violins, two violas, two celli, two bassi, two bassoons, two hautboys, two horns, two clarionets, two trumpets, and the tympani."

"The Unitarian denomination stands third in the importance which it assigns to Lent and its ceremonies, while first, here, in point of floral display. The South Congregational Church will have a magnificent display of flowers, far exceeding that exhibited by any other society. King's Chapel and the Church of the Unity will also have fine displays.

"As is usual on Easter Sunday, the display of flowers and the music in the South Congregational Church, Rev. E. E. Hale, Union Park Street, will be of the most elaborate and beautiful description. The communion table will be a complete mound of flowers, from which, rising at the back, will be a large pure white Easter cross, six feet high, of lilies and white camelias. At the back of the pulpit, fitting the panel-work, will be a cross of calla lilies. The tablets will be draped with passion vine and smilax, having directly in front a large globe of scarlet camelias, dressed solid. Just below the tablets, on each side of the pulpit, will be two immense baskets, nine feet high and six feet in width."

And here again follows a programme of the musical performances, composers, and performers.

From abstracts of the Easter sermons which we read in "The Boston Daily Globe," of April 14, we were led very agreeably from these outside shows to the real meaning and purpose of the day. We give a few specimens. In St. Paul's Church, the rector, Rev. T. Walden, preached from Rev. i. 18.

"Amid the gloom of the world, from our place in the procession that is ever descending to the grave, we hear this voice of majesty and power, coming from One whose life was spent in the world,

under the same arching firmament, on the same green earth as our own, spent among human temptations and sorrows, sufferings and afflictions, until it went out with the flowing blood and the agony of the cross, and he who led it is now alive, the first-begotten of the dead, and is alive forever more. The beloved disciple in his vision saw one like the Son of man, and recognized him upon whose breast he had leaned, entered into a higher life, yet still human in outline, and the visible likeness of the Son of man. In the apostle's vision we are given glimpses of the glory that shall be revealed to us when our appointed days shall be spent, and we shall enter into our everlasting habitation. We know not what we shall be, but we know that we shall be like him, and, separating the figure from its apocalyptic glories, we see the Son of man. Dim and shadowy would his form appear to mortal eyes ; human vision grows dim when it attempts to pierce that unknown life whose glories are not adjusted to the mortal retina. Mary Magdalene at the tomb, the disciples walking to Emmaus, and their brethren, to whom Jesus appeared upon the seashore, only recognized him by some human trait. The step from the grave to life eternal appears to have made an immense difference in him, and only a familiar act, or a miracle like that vouchsafed to St. Thomas, revealed him to his followers. Never was their love so ardent, their faith so profound, their belief in immortality so assured ; never did heaven seem so near to them, never did they feel so called to rise and look at life from a higher plane.

"Earth and heaven, time and eternity, were melted into one as they stood before the empty sepulchre, and each one prepared himself to walk the self-same path, preach the self-same words, and encounter the self-same destiny before entering on the self-same glory.

"As the year turns in its circle, said the preacher, and the Holy Festival comes down among us again, we are overwhelmed with the magnitude of the thoughts that it suggests. I would not encourage sentimentalism about Easter, but rather clear away that emotion which expends itself in mere expressions of joy. Simply gilding life with sentimentalism will not do ; life must be of pure gold, not thinly overlaid with it. Only one ever knew what he undertook when he tried to live, and the history of his toils and struggles is our highest guide, and he who hears it read goes out with the same consciousness ; and those who follow where he leads, taking up their cross and living as he did, earnestly, thoroughly, truly, devotedly,

ready for all sacrifice whether of necessity or duty, live to him and open the divine date. Those who have followed the story of the last week, have heard him pray 'Abba Father,' hear the same voice, now no longer mortal, but immortal, saying 'I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive forever more.' Then they knelt in sorrow, prostrate at his sacrifice. Now they know that the veil is rent, and immortality revealed. Let them then resolve to live the life eternal; to live daily larger and more conscientious lives; to make less of frivolities and trivialities, to live more earnestly, conscientiously, nobly, divinely; to live not for this world that passeth away, but for eternity, that, like him, they may live forever more."

"In the King's Chapel, at the morning service, there was a large congregation. Rev. H. W. Foote preached a very eloquent discourse from John xx. 29: 'Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.' The preacher began by remarking how different the week had been to Thomas and to the other disciples. He cared too much about the matter to believe without the best of reasons. He doubted mightily because he loved mightily. Thomas has been called the rationalist among disciples; with equal truth might he be termed the disciple among rationalists. If he once doubted, he also shows that a rational man can believe. His touch of the wounds of Jesus has thrilled through the world ever since. Christ causes faith to come from both trust and distrust. Thomas doubted, but by this tangible proof of Christ's bodily presence he was convinced, as he could have been in no other way, of several things: first, the fact of the resurrection being established as a truth,—evolved, enlarged new views of immortality. A great faith in the soul's eternal existence sprang up in his soul: and so the spirit reached the highest development of which it was capable. There was no more doubt for him whether life was a shadowy boon, snatched away almost as soon as given, or a never-ending existence; whether duty was really a bond of eternal relation, or merely a transitory tie. With his restored faith in Christ came back, as a matter of course, his love for purity and sense of the divine power.

"The words of Jesus in the text are specially adapted to our own time. The great question, whether we are justified in trusting to belief when we do not see, was never more discussed than now. But the blessing invoked upon those who are of good faith is felt in other things than religion. All advance has come by faith;

inventors are called visionary men, until their dreams are solidified, as the railroad or the telegraph; and until the rainbow of their fancy is shown to be a bridge in the road of human progress. What holds true in metaphysics and mathematics holds true in everything. Men must believe when the weight of sorrow falls upon them, for they dare not despair. And this principle, when considered with reference to revelation, teaches us that, even if we cannot see our way clearly, yet we should believe. Our ideals are only ideals because more perfect expressions of the real. The personality of Jesus is far off; but, like the lofty mountain, he is seen best at a distance. The disciples themselves were blind to the aureola which we can so plainly see. In conclusion the speaker showed how we need this belief in immortality, that we may have new sight and higher aspirations. We need this faith that we may believe in the love and mercy of God, in spite of the evil in the world; that we may feel that devotion of human life and service is too strong to be swept out of existence by the hand of a just God."

"At the Church of the Unity, the pastor, Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn, preached in the morning upon the subject, 'The reappearance of Jesus after his death and its bearings upon the question of immortality,' his text being from 1 Corinthians xv. 20: 'But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.'"

"Rev. Mr. Chaney, pastor of the Hollis Street Church, preached from Colossians iii. 1: 'If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.' The height of a mountain, he said, is the height of its topmost peak. The fact that this little peak is the highest point of land on earth makes the whole pile magnificent. So of the human race. The creations of genius lift humanity above the clouds, and the aspirations and insights of religion carry man's nature into the very sky.

"In this view accordingly we may apprehend how the advent of Christ has lifted humanity up to a higher level. Even the lowest civilized men have become glorified by the height and grandeur of Jesus. Because we are part of this high-reaching, Christ-crowned humanity we have reason to feel the dignity of our nature and the responsibility of our action. Thus we are summoned by the nature which Christ has exalted to seek those things which are above. Nor is it by the moral height to which Christ rose and the spiritual station he attained, merely, that he uplifted mankind. He antici-

pated the painful toil and the attendant weariness that his faithful followers must encounter in struggling toward these sublime heights. His personal participation in the lowest fortunes of humanity, and his own patient and faithful fulfillment of his mission serve both as example and encouragement, and are thus a means of uplifting the race. The life of man, independent of his circumstances or of his prosperous or adverse fortunes, is thus ennobled and sanctified. This view of his subject the preacher illustrated at some length, and in closing appealed to old and young to verify their rising with Christ by a whole-hearted pursuit of the best and highest things, things pertaining to that world above where, Christ sitteth at the right hand of God."

"At the Church of the Disciples, the pastor, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, preached from a portion of the twelfth verse of the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to Corinthians. He began by deprecating any intention of dogmatism in a matter of which the apostle confessed that he had only a provisional knowledge, and said that in taking for his subject 'Our probable condition hereafter,' he should only try to see, as in a mirror, some reflections of those consummate realities that we shall see hereafter, face to face. Assuming the fact of existence after death, on the ground that it was instinctive in human nature to believe in God, in the soul, in duty, and in immortality and that these beliefs, were demonstrated by their universality, and saying, incidentally, that instinct was better evidence than logic, and that he who gave up his faith for logic abandoned a strong and safe position for a weak one, Mr. Clarke proceeded to enquire into the probable conditions of a future existence, drawing¹ his arguments from the analogies of the present life and from the teachings of inspiration.

"As both worlds proceed from the same Creator, and as divine laws are unchangeable and universal, then if this world be a revelation of God's character so also will be the other, and as no divine manifestation can contradict any other, there must be essential harmony between the two worlds. Time and space must first be assumed to continue, for these being taken away, all things would rush at once into the infinite and eternal, and hence we must imagine them to continue, either as realities or as conditions of thought. We may be able by a single mental effort to transport ourself from the sun to Jupiter or Saturn; but we must be somewhere at each moment. We may be able to live in the past and the future, as we desire, but it will be by an effort of some power akin to imagina-

tion and memory. As we all have homes here we shall also have them hereafter, homes being prepared for us in heaven as they are for the entrance of every living thing upon the earth. I, said Mr. Clarke, expect to become once more like a little child, and to be guided, guarded, and tenderly cared for. The heavenly homes will probably be of a higher type than those on earth, and the family tragedies which arise from a want of affinity between those of kindred blood will probably no longer occur, homes being perhaps arranged by the tie of a deeper affection. No one, however, need fear that those whom he loves will desert him for higher affinities, for it is the nature of Christian sympathy to come down to all below it, as well as to aspire to all above it.

"The sermon closed with a few eloquent remarks on the lesson of Easter Sunday, which glorifies Christ, not by logically proving him to be the Son of God, but by showing him as the centre of human faith and love, by drawing all men to him, by his coming to us, when he goes away, descending to man as he rises to God, and always holding every human soul in tender remembrance."

"At the South Congregational Church, the pastor, Rev. E. E. Hale, officiated at both services. In the morning an infant was baptized, and the pastor preached an eloquent sermon from the tenth verse of the eighteenth chapter of St Matthew's Gospel, 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.' The sermon was chiefly devoted to a consideration of the relation which children sustain to the church; but there were not lacking appropriate references to the festival of the day. In the afternoon there was no sermon, the entire service consisting of acts of praise and devotion."

WOMAN'S WANTS.—HER HIGHER EDUCATION.

The *woman* question and the *labor* question are the two subjects which press upon us more constantly than any others of a similar character. What young women want most of all is a large and open field of remunerative labor, and as a preparation, a willingness and an opportunity to go through a thorough course of training for it. Every year is witnessing marked improvements in both these respects, though a great deal is still wanting, particularly in the preparatory training.

For young women who are not obliged to work for a living,

there is perhaps a still more pressing necessity for occupations various enough to afford wide liberty of choice, and important enough to give dignity and beauty to life. These occupations, in their best form, are found in an enlightened Christian home and the duties which connect its members with one another, with their neighbors and with society at large. But in connection with them, every young woman of good intellectual powers should early form habits of study and of litererary employment to keep her mind alive and awake, to fill her chambers of imagery with thoughts which may elevate and instruct her, and at the same time make her happy and save her from morbid illusions and the mischievous habits of dreaming which undermine or weaken the moral nature so sadly.

We had written thus far when our attention was called to an institution which is likely to be of the very highest interest. Funds amounting now to more than four hundred thousand dollars are already in the hands of trustees for the endowment and support of a college for women. In a circular, issued by the trustees, we find these very important and encouraging statements: —

“SMITH COLLEGE. — In response to numerous inquiries, the trustees of Smith College submit to the public the following statements: Smith College was founded by Miss Sophia Smith, of Hatfield, Mass., who in her last will and testament bequeathed funds for the purpose, defined the object and general plan of the institution, appointed the trustees, and fixed the location in Northampton, Mass.

“The object of the institution, as stated by the founder, is ‘the establishment and maintenance of an institution for the higher education of young women, with the design to furnish them means and facilities for education equal to those which are afforded in our colleges to young men.’

“The culture contemplated, and the branches of learning to be taught, are thus comprehensively defined in the will: ‘Sensible of what the Christian religion has done for my sex, and believing that all education should be for the glory of God and the good of man, I direct that the Holy Scriptures be daily and systematically read and studied in said College; and, without giving preference to any

sect or denomination, all the education and all the discipline shall be pervaded by the spirit of evangelical Christian religion. I direct, also, that higher culture in the English Language and Literature be given in said College ; also in Ancient and Modern Languages, in the Mathematical and Physical Sciences, in the Useful and the Fine Arts, in Intellectual, Moral, and Æsthetic Philosophy, in Natural Theology, in the Evidences of Christianity, in Gymnastics and Physical Culture, in the Sciences and Arts which pertain to Education, Society, and Government, and in such other studies as coming times may develop or demand for the education of women and the progress of the race. I would have the education suited to the mental and physical wants of woman. It is not my design to render my sex any the less feminine, but to develop as fully as may be the powers of womanhood, and furnish women with the means of usefulness, happiness, and honor, now withheld from them.'

"It is the design of the trustees, as it was evidently of the founder, not to add to the number of such schools, seminaries, or academies as now exist for young ladies, but to realize completely and truly the idea of a *Woman's College*. They would secure to young women a culture fully equivalent to that afforded to young men by our best New England colleges, and yet differing from that as woman differs from man in her physical and mental constitution, and in the sphere of her active life.

"The requirements for admission will be substantially the same as at Harvard, Yale, Brown, Amherst, and other New England colleges, inasmuch as the high schools and most of the academies wisely furnish the same preparatory instruction to both sexes.

"The trustees have purchased as the site of the college the grounds, containing thirteen acres, unsurpassed for beauty and convenience, lately occupied and owned by Judge Dewey and Judge Lyman ; easy of access ; near the post office, churches, and public library, and not far from the railway stations and the business centre of the town : but at the same time, for the most part, retired, and secluded from the public eye, and commanding one of the most beautiful prospects in the Connecticut valley.

"*Board of Trustees* : Rev. William S. Tyler, D.D., LL.D., Professor at Amherst ; Rev. Julius H. Seelye, Professor at Amherst ; Gov. William B. Washburn, LL.D., of Greenfield ; Rev. Edwards A. Park, D.D., Professor at Andover ; Hon. Joseph White, of Williamstown ; Hon. Birdseye G. Northrop, LL.D., of New Haven ; Hon. Edward B. Gillett, of Westfield ; Hon. George W. Hubbard,

of Northampton ; Samuel T. Spaulding, Esq., of Northampton ; Rev. John M. Greene, of Lowell."

The design of the founder, and the suggestions which are here given, are marked by the intelligence and the wise and Christian purposes which give the best promises of success, while the names of the trustees are an assurance that the institution will be conducted on the most enlightened and liberal principles. We understand that during the present year twenty-five young women who belong to Massachusetts have been obliged to leave New England, in order to secure in New York and the Western States advantages of college education which are denied them at home in the State which, in educational matters, claims to take the lead of all the States in the Union. We shall earnestly and gladly welcome the advent of this new college as the auspicious opening of a new era among us in the educational advantages which are to be offered to women.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Recent events have brought this subject anew before the public. We do not propose to discuss it in full, but only to throw out a few suggestions. One great purpose of legal punishment is to educate the mind and conscience of the young by training them to an abhorrence of crime. The old-fashioned, dreary-looking county jails, with their conspicuous iron bars, could hardly be seen by the children who passed by them without a shudder, and a sense of horror at the thought of the crimes which were associated with them as places of punishment. Their influence upon the young, in creating among them a wholesome dread of wrong-doing, was, we believe, very great on many persons of a class who receive no such impressions now from the handsome and inviting palaces which we have for our prisons.

The greatest amount of dread, with the smallest amount of personal suffering, is the grand desideratum in all punishments for crime. A hideous looking jail, however kind the administration within, is considered a public nuisance. It certainly is a very disagreeable thing to look at, and for that

reason it answers its purpose better, not merely or principally in its influence on accomplished rogues, but far more in its influence on children in helping to cherish in them a wholesome horror of crime. But the delicate nerves of people must not be shocked, and therefore elegant, commodious, pleasant-looking palaces are so built as to conceal the purposes for which they are made, and obliterate from the minds of those who see them the enormity of the crimes which they are intended to restrain and punish.

The same tendency to escape from what is disagreeable and repulsive extends to the treatment of murderers. A legal execution is a terrible shock to persons of a refined and sensitive nature, especially to young persons: and therefore it is demanded that such things shall be done away with. Does this demand come from a true philanthropy, or rather from sensitive nerves? Before the days of ether there were, and even now there are, surgical operations which very sensitive people cannot hear described without a shudder. The patient would be permitted to die before such people could gain self-control enough to assist at such an operation. But are these people of dainty, shrinking sensibilities the true philanthropists, or shall we apply that honored name rather to the brave and skillful surgeon and his assistants who have the self-control and the strength to cut off the offending, and otherwise fatal, member?

The shock caused by a legal execution may be what is needed to keep alive in the community a wholesome abhorrence of murder. The fact that it is a terrible experience for a community to go through is an evidence of its effectiveness. Those who show so much sympathy for the murderer, in their efforts to save him from death, should remember this. When philanthropists are more shocked by one capital punishment than by half-a-dozen murders, it becomes them to consider whether there is not something morbid, unnatural, and unjust in their habits of moral feeling. The only question ought to be, whether, taking into account all its influences in educating the consciences of the young as well as its less important effect on hardened offenders, capital pun-

ishment is the most effective punishment that can be inflicted. If so, mercy to the guilty is cruelty to the innocent.

"THE CATHOLIC WORLD"

is a very able magazine, though it goes all lengths in its support of the infallibility of the Pope. The weakness of the Roman Catholic Church lies precisely where it pretends to be strongest,—in the care it takes, or rather does not take, of the poor. It knows how to extort money from the poor, but does very little to relieve their physical wants in times of sickness and misfortune. We turned with much interest to an article in the April number on "Public Charities,"—an article, we know, full of misrepresentations and falsehood, especially in what it says of the New York Children's Aid Society, which it charges with *selling* children to farmers in the West. If the Catholic Church will pick up the homeless, friendless children who belong to them, and feed, clothe, and instruct them, and find for them comfortable and virtuous homes, the Children's Aid Society will gladly resign them into their hands. But while they are not ready to do this, they complain of others who come in to save the little ones from utter ruin to body and soul.

The following is taken from "The Advance:"—

"In a long article in the last issue of 'The Catholic World,' on 'Public Charities,' the writer has rummaged the history of several charitable institutions in New York and vicinity, to prove that some abuses have crept into their management. Very likely, and we have heard that similar institutions in other hands are not immaculate. But the subject brings to mind the well-known fact that the number of Roman Catholics in our prisons, jails, reformatories, &c., is in surprising disproportion to the relative population of Roman Catholics in our country. Of course the fact is damaging to the claim which they make to the possession of the entire monopoly of true religion; but it is singular that it seems never to occur to them that this excess in their proportion of criminals and paupers argues some humiliating defect in their scheme of moral and religious training. Roman Catholicism has always abounded in 'charities,' if not in charity; but it must be an infinitely better

thing to go to the root of the matter, and prevent pauperism, than merely to salve over and soothe a little the dreadful social ulcer. The truth is, Romanism first pauperizes, intellectually and spiritually, the masses, compelling them to accept just what the hierarchy may dole out to them,—just that and nothing else, that and nothing more. And of course the *tendency* of such spiritual pauperization must always be to cause an arrested social development, and to foster an appallingly large class of paupers, mendicants, and criminals.”

SPRING IS COMING.

SPRING is coming! Spring is coming!
Birds are chirping, insects humming,
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping,
Streams, escaped from Winter's keeping,
In delightful freedom rushing,
Dance along in freedom gushing,
Scenes, of late in deadness saddened,
Smile in animation gladdened;
All is beauty, all is mirth,
All is glory upon earth.
Shout we then with Nature's voice,
Welcome Spring! Rejoice! Rejoice!

Spring is coming! Come, my brother,
Let us rove with one another,
To our well remembered wild-wood,
Flourishing in Nature's childhood;
Where a thousand flowers are springing,
And a thousand birds are singing,
Where the golden sunbeams quiver
On the verdure-girdled river;
Let our youth of feeling out,
To the youth of Nature shout,
While the waves repeat our voice,
Welcome spring! Rejoice! Rejoice!

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

THE MEANING OF GEHENNA. In "The New Covenant," published at Chicago, the organ of the Universalists in the Northwest, we find a review of Sears' "Foregleams and Foreshadows of Immortality," in which occurs the following passage:—

"We are sorry to see so unfortunate an error in this most readable and valuable work as we find on p. 244, where the author says that the Pharisees believed that while all men would be raised out of *hades*, the wicked 'would be sent back into *hades*, not into their former region, but into *gehenna*, the lowest of all, where they would suffer eternal punishment. So that after the final judgment, *hades* will have been emptied of all its people, the righteous to live in their former bodies in a terrestrial paradise, the unrighteous to go back into the lowest region of *hades* called *gehenna*, or hell.' At the close of the chapter containing this language the author cites as authorities Josephus, Calmet, and Campbell. But does Mr. Sears pretend that Josephus anywhere declares that the Pharisees, or Jews, or anybody at the time of Christ, or before, employed the word '*gehenna*' to mean hell in another state of being than this? The word '*gehenna*' does not occur in the writings of Josephus. Now if he, a Jew and a Pharisee, writing concerning the views held by his people, never used the word, what right has any one to say, unless there is other evidence, that the Pharisees held any such ideas as Mr. Sears attributes to them? Can the word '*gehenna*' be found anywhere signifying a place of after-death suffering earlier than in the writings of Justyn Martyr, A. D. 150? Will Mr. Sears give his authority for this declaration?"

We are very happy to give the authority, especially as we think it will satisfy the reviewer that we have made no such "unfortunate error" as he supposes. The authorities cited at the close of the chapter must have satisfied him, had he looked them up, on the two points which he indicates: that the word "*gehenna*" was understood by the later Jews, — that is, those living between the captivity and the times of Christ, — "to mean hell in another state of being than this;" and that Josephus without using the specific word expresses the idea with much strength and clearness. We will cite the authorities more at large, and supplement them with others.

Robinson. See his Greek and English Lexicon. Under the word *ᾠδης* after giving the derivation of the word and its meaning as the

Jews understood it, he says, "The souls of the righteous and the wicked were held to be separated: the former inhabiting the region of the blessed or the inferier Paradise or Eden of the Rabbins, *while lower down was the abyss called Gehenna* or Tartarus in which the souls of the wicked are in torment." Robinson cites, among other authorities, Lightfoot, Lowth, and Buttman. Under the word *γέεννα* we have this definition,—"The place of punishment in Hades, or the world of the dead;" and having given the derivation and history of the word drawn from the valley of Hinnom, and the fire kept there in which the children were sacrificed unto Moloch, he says, "It was apparently in allusion to this detested and abominable fire that the later Jews employed the name of this valley (Gehenna) *to denote the place of future punishment*, or the fires of Tartarus. There is no evidence of any other fires having been kept up in the valley as some have supposed."

Campbell. We know of no better authority than Robinson on the score of learning and scholarship. Campbell takes the same view, making Gehenna, according to the later Jewish conception, and as held in our Saviour's times, the lowest department of Hades, though not to be occupied until after the final judgment. See his Sixth Dissertation, — specially Sec. I. and Sec. XIX.

Adam Clark gives the same derivation and history of the word "Gehenna," — and to show that the later Jews, and those in our Saviour's time, applied the word to denote the punishment of Hades, or the underworld of the dead, he cites the Targum on Ruth ii. 12, Ps. cxl. 12, Gen. iii. 24, xv. 17. See his commentary on Matt. v. 22.

Calmet gives the same derivation as Robinson, with the same derivative meaning. See under the word "Gehenna" in Robinson's Calmet.

Fahn gives the same derivation, with the same derivative meaning. Having described the abominable rites in the valley of Hinnom, he says, "The place was so abhorrent to the minds of the more recent Jews that they applied the name *Ge Hinnom*, or Gehenna to the place of torments in the future life. The word "Gehenna," is used in this way (namely, for the place of punishment beyond the grave) *very frequently by Oriental writers as far as India.*" See Archæology, Upham's Edition, Sec. CCCCXI.

Josephus does not use the word "Gehenna," and for a very good reason. It is a Hebrew word, and Josephus not only wrote specially for Greek readers, but took special pains, as Philo had

done before him, to adapt himself to their tastes and conceptions. He would not treat them to Hebraized Greek, especially one which involved the history of the valley of Hinnom. He employs the word "Hades," which is a Greek word used in common by the Seventy, and by Greek classical writers, to designate the underworld of departed souls. But he makes it involve the same place of punishment which the later Jews designate by the word "Gehenna." The idea is set forth strongly and explicitly, though in other phraseology. Thus, — in his exhortation against the crime of suicide, — "Do not you know that those who depart out of this life according to the law of nature, and pay that debt which was received from God when he that lent it us is pleased to require it back again, enjoy eternal fame; that their houses and their posterity are sure that their souls are pure and obedient, and obtain a most holy place in heaven, from whence in the revolution of ages they are again sent into pure bodies, while *the souls of those whose hands have acted madly against themselves are received by the darkest place in Hades*" (Wars III. 8, 5). Again, Josephus describes the doctrine of the Essenes as similar to that of the Greeks, — "Indeed the Greeks seem to me to have followed the same notion when they allot the islands of the blessed to their brave men whom they call heroes and demigods, and *to the souls of the wicked the region of the ungodly in Hades*" (Wars II. 8, 11). And again he describes the doctrine of the Pharisees, — "They say that all souls are incorruptible, but that the souls of good men only are removed into other bodies, but *that the souls of bad men are subject to eternal punishment*" (II. 8, 14).

And yet again he describes the doctrine of the Pharisees, — "They believe that souls have an immortal vigor in them, and that under the earth there will be rewards or punishments according as they have lived virtuously or viciously in this life; *and the latter are to be detained in an everlasting prison*, but the former shall have power to revive and live again" (Antiquities XVIII. 1, 3).

This short chapter in the history of an important word, and of the opinions of the later Jews, we think will interest our readers, while we hope, it will abundantly satisfy our friends of "The New Covenant" as to the fullness and explicitness of our authorities. They will find this subject much further amplified and learnedly treated by Alger, in his "History of the Doctrine of a Future Life." (See Part II. Chapters VIII. and IX.) Alger thinks that "the subdivision of the underworld into Paradise and Gehenna" was probably

a conception known among the Jews as early as a century before Christ, and that "*it was very prominent with them in the apostolic age*" (p. 167).

SAVE THE LIST of yeas and nays on the back-pay question of members of Congress. Every voter, we think, ought carefully to cut it out, and post it up for future reference, and see to it that no name among the yeas ever gets upon his ballot for any office of honor and trust. "Thou shalt not steal" may be repealed by act of Congress and "Approved" by the President, but it has never been repealed from the moral law. It is exceedingly desirable, too, that those members among the nays, who refuse to share in the plunder, should be publicly known.

THE AUTHOR OF "PATER MUNDI," Rev. E. F. Burr, demolishes the evolution theory of Darwin, Huxley, Büchner, & Co., and does it from the stand-point of science. He not only knocks the breath of life out of the theory, but chops it in pieces, and throws it to the dogs. He shows, not only that the line of evolution has awfully wide gaps in it, since the most highly wrought organisms abut upon impassable chasms that separate one geologic epoch from another, but that some such organisms abut squarely upon nothing at all, having come into being *per saltum*. We never thought evolutionism led of necessity to atheism, though some of the atheists have eagerly seized upon it as a no-godsend to them, to advertise the world that it never had a Creator. It had seemed to us that if evolutionism should ever find a secure scientific basis, it might fit into the highest theism, and relieve us of some difficulties. But we give it up, since Dr. Burr has chopped it up so unmercifully.

PARTED.

How dread the silence ! on the shore
We stand and shout in vain :
The voice that cheered us once, no more
Will answer back again !

If sainted ones their memories keep,
And love's most tender vow,
Why yawns the gulf so wide and deep
That parts them from us now ?

Methinks the Silence speaks, "My share
Of griefs and conflicts o'er,
Let not the waves of mortal care
Break on the heavenly shore.

"In all the works that I have done,
My voice still pleads with thee, —
Go finish what my hand begun,
Then come and reign with me."

THE WOMAN QUESTION seems to involve a great many questions, and among them is this, — whether women have not the same right, on the score of propriety, to make proposals of marriage to men that men have to women. The author of "Woman in American Society," reviewed on another page, argues the affirmative. Queen Victoria proposed marriage to Prince Albert, and no one questioned the propriety of the proceeding. Why should not any woman be queenly enough to do the same thing if she sees a man whom she loves and wishes to marry? Because — circumstances alter cases. Men offer themselves, and are rejected, every day, without any incurable wound to their sensibilities. The hearts of women are of finer texture, and could not go out in matrimonial bargainings as men do, with the same exposure to rebuffs and rejections, without jangling the most delicate sensibilities of the womanly nature. Then women have a different way of doing things from men. Not only *in their way* they may make proposals of marriage, but they have done it from the days of Ruth down to the days of Victoria and Betsey Pringle. And Queen Victoria would do the same thing in a different way from Betsey. John Stiles wanted Betsey. Betsey knew it. But John was bashful, and afraid to ask. And they popped corn together — so the ballad runs — till past midnight, when Betsey exclaimed, "I'm sick of popping corn, why don't you pop — something else?" And John Stiles took the hint, and they became the happiest couple in Belchertown. In our humble judgment, the best treatment of this part of the woman question is to let it alone, — that is, let nature take care of it under the delicate reserve of women, which finds its own way in supplying wit to stupid men.

HEARTS PREGNANT WITH CELESTIAL FIRE, but crushed and broken when just beginning to reveal the wealth of genius, are

among the painful mysteries of this earthly scene. The disasters by sea and land, sending masses of victims out of this world by violence, seem to be more and more frequent in the progress of our reckless civilization. Gray, musing in a country churchyard, suggests that some mute, inglorious Milton might lie in the neglected spot. Among the wrecks of our railroad and steamboat disasters, there was one in the first dawn of her beautiful genius, whose light was quenched for this world, but now shining brighter in the world above. How much was lost to our literature, by one terrible blow, may be inferred from the following effusion. It was the production of a girl of fourteen summers. If there is anything equal to it in Tennyson's "In Memoriam," we have not been able to find it. It was published in "Hours at Home." It was among the first and last fruits of a richly endowed nature. With such blossoming, what would the fruit have been !

"MEMORY BELLS.

"Hush ! she sleeps, the maiden Alice ;
Slow has come the blue dim dawning :
And the rosy wine of morning
Fills the daylight's golden chalice.

"But it brings no sudden waking
To that restful happy sleeper :
Ah ! what blessed dream can keep her
While with life the air is shaking ?

"Pale she is, and very quiet :
Though the flowers are in the garden
Gem-bedewed, their little warden
Lets the bees among them riot.

"Blessed dreams indeed have won her.
Shut the door, and look thee slowly
On the face so fair and holy, —
Heavenly peace hath gleamed upon her.

"Kneel beside her ; smooth her tresses ;
Call her low, with utterance tender,
Sweetest names that love can lend her ;
Touch her lips with softest kisses.

"Yet thy words bring no unclosing
Of those eyes that yester even
Shone upon thee, blue as heaven, —
Ne'er she'll wake from that reposing.

"Alice, Alice ! darling Alice !
Life to thee was full of glory, —
Glittering, as in ancient story
Of some charmed fairy place.

"I am tired and disenchanted, —
Thou wert younger, fairer, stronger :
Alice ! live a little longer :
Pluck the flowers thy hopes have planted.

"Ah ! that I instead were lying
On thy couch, its silence greeting ;
Flushed my restless heart's dull beating,
All forgotten tears and sighing.

"For God knows, my little maiden, —
Only he, — how very weary
Are my feet, and sad and dreary
Is this soul with pain o'erladen.

"Yes, God knows ! and, maiden Alice,
Sends to thee this blessed slumber :
I the bitterest drops must number
One by one of life's sad chalice.

"Well, what matter ? since the morning
Breaks for all, and, softly blending
Shade and sunlight, all are ending
In our Paradisal dawning.

"So I leave thee, Alice, sleeping :
Tears, but not of wild repining,
In my eyes are tremulous shining, —
Rainbowed mists before them creeping.

"Though thy rest so calm and still is,
Balmy airs from heaven are straying,
And the angel Peace is laying
On my heart her whitest lilies."

HANNAH F. GOULD, as "The Transcript" rightly says, was a native of Lancaster, not Topsfield. Hannah F. Gould and Caroline Lee Hentz are claimed by Lancaster among her distinguished daughters. Both of them wrote odes for the celebration, in 1853, of the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town. Here is a stanza from the ode of Miss Gould:—

"Two centuries now hath our LANCASTER seen,
And left not a cloud on her story:
With eye clear and beaming, her brow is serene,
Her footstep direct, and majestic her mien,
While passing from glory to glory.
Her jewels unblemished will yet be shown,
Shining peerless,
And numbered of God as his own."

HOW WASHINGTON WOULD HAVE VOTED on the swindling clause in the appropriation bill, may be inferred from the following language of his inaugural:—

"When I first was honored with a call into the service of my country, then on the eve of an arduous struggle for its liberties, the light in which I contemplated my duty required that I should renounce every pecuniary compensation. From this resolution I have in no instance departed; and, being still under the impressions which produced it, I must decline as inapplicable to myself any share in the personal emoluments which may be indispensably included in a permanent provision for the executive department."

"THE COMMONWEALTH" has the following sapient criticism: "Rev. Rufus Ellis considers 'Christianity completed in a Christian civilization,' but without hinting at the practical question of *how* the greedy selfishness of the present civilization shall be Christianized into something better, except by the effort of holy men to walk in the same old ruts of business life in which their fathers trod and failed," &c. This is very smart, but "The Commonwealth" seems not to see that the "old ruts" in which it moves are the oldest fogyism extant. They are the old infidelity of the Greek and Indian pantheists, whose fossils "The Commonwealth" would dig up under the name of "free religion," and exhibit to the nineteenth century for the reformation of its evils. It out-fogies the worst fogyism of old orthodoxy. If it could even treat us to a whiff of the more modern theology of Plato, it would come like a freshen-

ing breeze when compared with the air among the tombs of the ante-Christian cosmologies. We like to read "The Commonwealth" exceedingly. In matters of social and political reform, it is always fresh and progressive, and when it touches upon theology it saves us the trouble of digging again among the Silurian ages. Its religious ideas went to fossil more than four hundred years before Christ, and it affords innocent amusement to antiquarians to see them dressed up in modern costumes, as if they were new discoveries. They are just about as well adapted, we think, "to check the greedy selfishness of the present civilization," or to help the world's progress, as Darius Green's machine, whose wings were made of old leather, was adapted for flying.

CHEAP NOVELS AND SCHOOL STUDIES, says an exchange, do not fit together. A farmer's boy fell behind his class, and couldn't tell the reason why. The father could; for he saw several cheap novels lying about the house. He took a basket of apples, emptied it, and ordered the boy to bring it half full of chips, which the boy did. Now, said the father, put in the apples. The apples would not all go in.

"Put them in, I tell you!"

"I can't, they roll off."

"Well, your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much. And here you have been the past month filling it up with cheap novels."

Query. — How many of the cheap novels came from the Sunday-school library?

ALL that Deity hath crowned thee with restore to him. Bring not to his sacred altar an empty life. Restore to him with usury each talent he has given thee. Train high every faculty he has endowed thee with; culture it to the highest point of thy capacity; reflect not on his wisdom by leaving them uncultured, for it is his love that has placed them there."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEMOIR OF SAMUEL JOSEPH MAY. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This Book may be numbered as among the most inspiring and instructive of biographies. Its lessons may come home to everybody. The subject of the memoir is not placed on a pedestal above our reach either by the greatness of his talents or any commanding position that he held, and yet he did a great work, and here is the record of a life which will long be held in honor, and be a stimulus to urge others into living generous and faithful lives. Few ministers of marked ability are settled in parishes which seem less favorable to any extended influence than the two in which Mr. May passed the first years of his ministry. Yet in both of them his life was crowded with grand opportunities for serving God and man, and for calling out the great qualities that were in him.

Mr. May had the advantage of a most happy organization. He not only had in his veins some of the best blood in New England, but he had in his mind and heart some of the best traits of the New England character. His temper was admirable, enabling him to say the truest things to unwilling hearers, and yet in such a way as to carry no rancorous sting with them. The severest truths were spoken in the kindest accents. Then, he had faith not only in human nature, in God, in his cause, and the work which was given him to do, but also in himself as the best and indeed the only person in the world to do that particular work. And when it was done he knew that he had done it, and remembered it with a wholesome satisfaction which stimulated him and do other and greater works when the opportunity might come.

This faith in himself was a great gift in Mr. May, as it is in most men who accomplish much in the immediate present. Dr. Beecher after reading one of Byron's poems with warm admiration for his genius had a strong desire to convert the poet to Christianity. He believed that if he and Taylor, with their improved Calvinism, could only get at him they would do it. We may smile at the credulity, but we know and admire the faith, which leads to such thoughts. Something of this kind as a propelling force, was perhaps, more than any other quality, the secret of Mr. May's success. But he abounded in other qualities which gave direction and efficiency to this.

We are not analysing Mr. May's character or writing his life, but only commending to our readers both his character and his life as admirably portrayed in the memoir before us. The editor (for the book has been prepared mostly by the Rev. T. J. Mumford,) has done his work skilfully and modestly. He never obtrudes himself upon us, but in a transparent style and in perfect taste sets before us as still alive, the conscientious, affectionate, brave man, whose presence by means of this memoir may bring hope and courage, a motive and blessing, into thousands of hearts and homes.

A FAITHFUL MINISTER: A Discourse Commemorative of Joseph Allen, D.D., preached before the Second Congregational (Unitarian) Society, Quincy, Ill., March 9, 1873. By Frederick L. Hosmer.

A very hearty, affectionate, appreciative testimony to the memory of a beloved and honored minister by one who from his intimate relations with him as his colleague can speak with authority. The closing paragraph will show how the aged pastor impressed the mind and heart not only of his younger brother, but of the three generations with whom he had lived.

"When you asked me, my friends, in June last, to come to this pulpit, I held your call, as you know, for several weeks. After my decision was made, I sought my friend, and, alone with him in his study, I made it known to him. In our talk he said to me, 'I had hoped that you would preach my funeral sermon now Dr. Hill has gone.' Dear old man! Memory is preaching it this day to a thousand hearts as they hear that he has gone. Hallowed associations, never to be forgotten, are preaching it now in the homes where he was a familiar presence. The trees he planted along the street will speak of him in the summer days. The flowers he so much loved will call him to mind. The old church so long as it shall stand will be a monument for him, and the far-reaching influence of his life will be his enduring memorial when spire and rafters are level with the dust. No: he needs not the words of my lips. But it is a personal gratification to me, though far from the scene of his labors, and among you who knew him not, to speak of my friend and to discourse from the text of so useful and good a life."

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW furnishes matter for thoughtful minds to ponder. Few perhaps will be able to read understandingly the able, but, it seems to us, needlessly obscure, article on the Evolution of Self-consciousness, which supports the theory of evolution. The article on Herder, though on a subject entirely

different, falls into the same speculative tendency. We have read with particular interest the article on Wagner and the Music of the Future, and the very comprehensive, satisfactory, and instructive article on our Indian Policy. Notwithstanding the Indian treachery and murder which have recently shocked and grieved the whole country, the policy towards the Indians which has been adopted and persisted in by the present administration is greatly in advance of any policy ever before adopted by our government. Among the book notices, that of "Middlemarch" is very much the best account that we have anywhere seen of this remarkable novel.

JERUSALEM: Ancient and Modern. Outlines of its History and Antiquities, with Descriptions of its Topography and the Principal Points of Interest in both the Ancient and Modern City, including the Temple as it was in the Time of Christ, and the Recent Explorations and Excavations, Illustrated by Plans and Wood-cuts, and by the Key-plates of Selous' two great Pictures of Jerusalem as it was and as it is. By Rev. Israel P. Warren, D.D. Boston: Elliot, Blakeslee, & Noyes; Estes & Lauriat.

We have copied the whole of this very long title as giving an abstract of the book, which itself is only a carefully prepared compendium, in sixty pages, of information which will be found elsewhere scattered through whole volumes. The explanations and illustrations of what has recently been done are very clear. The book, however, has a little the appearance of being an advertisement of two remarkable paintings.

THE JUBILEE SINGERS OF FISK UNIVERSITY. By G. D. Pike.

In 1866 a school was opened at Nashville, Tenn., and named from Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, who was for a time in charge of the work of the Freedmen's Bureau in that city. The military hospital buildings were converted into schoolrooms. The attendance averaged over a thousand pupils a year until 1867, when the city made provision for colored children in the public schools. After this the Fisk school was relieved of its crowded numbers, and a portion of the buildings converted into students' dormitories. A chapel was built, a dormitory for girls constructed, a higher grade of education adopted, and students were received from abroad. The annual attendance since that time has been over four hundred, about one hundred of whom came from abroad and all boarded at the institu-

tion. The boarders became greater in number than the accommodations. It became a necessity, keenly felt by trustees, teachers, and students, that a new site must be secured, and permanent university buildings erected. Hence the Fisk University arose, developed from the wants and necessities of the new times,—the necessity of providing teachers for four hundred thousand people who have emerged from a state of slavery to a state of freedom and citizenship. But where shall the funds come from for the new buildings of the Fisk University? was at first a very perplexing problem. The answer came from within the institution. Prof. George L. White, a native of the state of New York, who had done good service in the war with slavery, and afterwards as a teacher of the colored schools, had become acquainted with the marvelous gift of song with which his pupils were endowed. At the anniversary exercises in June, 1871, a number of students volunteered to go out with him, and earn money by giving concerts. They started for the North the 6th of October, and on the 1st of May following returned with twenty thousand dollars for the Fisk University. At this time they are out on a similar mission, we hope with increased success. It is hoped that "Jubilee Hall," to be built from funds earned in this way, will be ready for dedication at the annual commencement in 1873.

This book of Mr. Pike gives ample information concerning the Fisk University and the Jubilee Singers. The portraits of the Singers are given with sketches of their life and history. The book is loosely compiled rather than written, but it gives the reader a clear idea of the noble enterprise and the genius of the African mind for the music that strikes a chord which no other masters ever touch. Appended to the book are the Jubilee songs, set to music. Lee & Shepard are the publishers. s.

WOMEN IN AMERICAN SOCIETY. By Abba Goold Woolson.

• If a *man* had written all this about girls and women, he would have been put down as a cynic, a woman-hater, and a libeller of the sex. But as a woman writes it who is an advocate of the rights of women, we are bound to believe that it is written in good faith. It points out evils to be reformed. But its sweeping generalizations and exaggerations blunt the force of its statements. It describes an artificial state of society that may be found in cities and fashionable resorts. "The chief end of man is to get money, and the chief end of woman is to get married," and in order to get married

she must be frivolous and superficial, and "ignorant of household avocations." A knowledge of these, pursued with ardent and continued efforts, makes her "lose her chance of becoming a wife at all" "Any little chit at the piano, with crimped fly-away locks, coquettish way, and some knowledge of sentimental love songs will step in before her, and leave her with all this domestic aptness to play the wall-flower to the end of her days." According to this, American society is divided into two classes, the deceivers and the deceived: women who are trying to entrap men with shallow arts and false pretences, and men who are duped and fooled by them. We know something of men, what they think and say, and what they desire as qualifications for a wife; and if women generally suppose these are what they look for, they are somewhat mistaken. Men are not so easily duped, and to make young women think so is to tempt them into these social hypocrisies. At the same time, there is enough of this fooling and being fooled practiced to give the author's satire many a local application.

There is a great deal of pungent truth in the book, when taken out of its sweeping generalizations and applied. The chapters on Dress and on the Physical Education of Girls are admirable. The "clothes mania" is properly denounced. With all the extravagance of statement, we wish every young woman would read the book, and apply the lessons wherever needed. Let their good sense show where the needed exceptions must be taken. What is said of exercise needs qualification. Girls need more out-door exercise, but girls need different exercise from that of boys. The fibre of girls is more delicate; and, independent of the proprieties, girls subjected to the same strain of muscle would be ruined. Neither base-ball nor skating, without very careful safeguards, nor horseback riding *man fashion*, would, in our judgment, be found fit exercise for them. Coasting, walking, riding, jumping, climbing mountains, and a style of gymnastics that enlarge and strengthen the chest, and give room for the lungs to play in, are good for girls; and we know of no public sentiment in the country to forbid it, or anything to forbid it, but their own laziness and languishment. (Roberts Brothers, and Noyes, Holmes, & Co.) s.

BITS OF TALK, about Home Matters, by H. H., author of verses and bits of travel, is a very smart little book, and pleads with special earnestness for the rights of the children, and against the inhumanities of parents. Boys ought to be specially grateful that there

is a woman who is an advocate for boy's rights as well as woman's. The chapters on Corporeal Punishment, on Breaking the Will, on the Awkward Age, are specially good, and show the author in full sympathy with the trials and sorrows of childhood, and appreciation of its capabilities. It is a good family book, and its advice well heeded would greatly enhance the happiness of home. (Boston: Roberts Brothers.)

S.

MUSIC HALL SERMONS. By William H. H. Murray. Second Series. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Some of them are good in their way, but many of them, as we judge, ill adapted to the place and occasion of their delivery. The sermon on Preaching the Gospel should have been addressed to ministers. The sermon "Why the Religion of New England has Failed to Convert the People," has a great deal of truth in it, but we cannot conceive of its making a single convert to real Christianity in that Music Hall audience. It seems to us that Mr. Murray ought to have preached a sermon to himself on preaching the gospel; for, while his style is easy and flowing, he abounds too much in criticism on other people to come direct to the heart of his audience, and he lacks the point and pungency essential to conviction and conversion. He seems to us to be doing two things incompatible with each other,—preaching orthodoxy, and then holding forth a loose liberalism as if it were orthodoxy. What people need, and will have before being converted to anything, is *doctrine*, clear, straight out, and applied to the conscience. Sentiment converts nobody unless it has its framework and setting in Christian faith. In our judgment the greatest fault of Unitarian preaching, and the reason of its want of efficacy, as Mr. Murray describes it, is just the fault which he falls into himself. He insists upon a creed,—and when he preaches that it is the orthodoxy which he says fails to convert New England; and when he preaches something else,—as he does in these sermons,—it is something so near the Unitarianism which he says is also a failure, that we cannot see the difference.

S.

ENIGMAS OF LIFE, by W. R. Greg, is an exceedingly suggestive and very readable book. It is written by one who does not accept the revelations of the Bible on the great themes of religion,—the existence and nature of God, and the doctrine of immortality and the future retribution. He seems to take it for granted that ortho-

doxy is the natural and rightful interpretation of the Bible, and orthodoxy is revolting to him. He then sets himself to work to reason out and guess out the best conclusions on these subjects, and he sometimes reasons and guesses very admirably. The evidence for a personal God preponderates; so does the evidence for a future life, and he reasons of its nature very delightfully, though sometimes we think he guesses rather wild. The book is a very reverent one, as well as scholarly; its style transparent and often beautiful, and it gives, we think, more of the *reflected* light of Christianity than many a professed Christian treatise upon the same subjects. Mr. Greg's interpretations of the Apocalypse, which he rejects, we think false and lame, but so have been those of most Christian interpreters. (Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.) s.

COPERNICUS AND HIS WORK. A Sermon, preached on the four hundredth anniversary of his birth, March 2, 1873, in the Unitarian Church, Ann Arbor, Mich., by Charles H. Brigham.

No one perhaps but Mr. Brigham would have thought of such an anniversary, and no one would better than he have shown the rich and valuable lessons which are taught by the example of the great astronomer.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY FOR PUBLIC HONESTY. A Sermon, preached at King's Chapel, on Sunday, March 2, 1873, by Henry W. Foote.

A plain, forcible, Christian statement of truths which cannot be too earnestly impressed upon the minds of all who would discharge the duties of good citizens.

THE CHICAGO PULPIT, for March 8, 1873, contains a sermon by Rev. R. Laird Collier, on "The Cross in Religion," which indicates the distinctive purpose and peculiar power of the gospel.

TEACHINGS OF JESUS in a little book which a traveler could carry in his vest pocket, and in which the sayings of Jesus are arranged in one body,—bread from heaven, pure and simple, available for all men at all time. (New York: Collins & Brother.)